

America

VOL. LXXV, NO. 25
SEPTEMBER 21, 1946

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK



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Strike Wave Last week three major strikes paralyzed large sections of American industry, threw thousands out of work and brought grave inconvenience to millions. In New York City, three locals of the AFL Teamsters left their trucks when employers refused to grant demands which amounted to a 47-per-cent increase over the present weekly take-home pay of about \$45. A compromise proposal by Mayor William O'Dwyer was acceptable to officials of the striking locals but was rejected by the employers and by the membership of Local 807. The latter were in open rebellion against their officers—aided, according to the Mayor, by trained communist agitators—with the result that negotiations were at a complete standstill. Even more widespread in its disastrous effects was the strike of the Seafarers International Union and the Sailors Union of the Pacific, both AFL affiliates, against the Wage Stabilization Board. In negotiations with ship operators, the unions won increases of \$5 to \$10 a month above those granted last July to CIO maritime unions. When WSB, over the protests of both employers and unions, cut down the increases to the CIO level, the men “hit the bricks” in every major port along the nation’s 5,000-mile coastline. It was the worst maritime strike in our history. The third strike affected every home in the land and was also against the Government. Staged by farmers and cattle-raisers to protest the reimposition of price controls on meat, it closed packing plants and left butcher-shops bare. “There’ll be no meat on most family dinner tables,” said a spokesman for the retail butchers, “until price controls again are removed.” Despite frantic government efforts, it seemed certain as the deplorable week drew to a close that the threat would be fulfilled.

Exploring Causes Only a judge endowed with preternatural insight could properly apportion the blame for what appeared to be the start of a second disastrous wave of postwar strikes. In the trucking situation, the rebellious rank and file deserved censure for making a settlement impossible on any except their own terms, but the top leadership of the AFL Teamsters, specifically President Daniel Tobin, and the employer group were far from blameless. As President of the International, Mr. Tobin should have known of the unsatisfactory relations existing among the New York locals and should long ago have taken steps to improve them. The employers helped to precipitate the strike by a stingy counter-proposal to the union’s original demand. During the war years, N. Y. teamsters received practically no increase in their basic pay. Indeed, since 1938, although the cost of living has skyrocketed, they have been given only a 17-cent-an-hour increase. Their original demand would have brought their weekly pay to an average of \$57 to \$60 a week, certainly a reasonable figure these days. The answer of the employers was an offer to hike wages a meager \$3 a week.

Chief blame for the maritime strike rests with the men who are responsible for the continued division between our major labor groups. If this division did not exist, the Wage Stabilization Board would not have been placed in the impossible position of giving the AFL a higher rate of pay than it approved for the CIO. For the sellers’ strike in meat, the commercial farm lobby in Washington, which throughout the war acted as if it mattered little to the rest of the country what happened to food prices provided the big farmers got theirs, merits the main censure. But beyond the competing economic groups, history will indict the 79th Congress for its indecent haste in removing wartime controls—and all the rest of us who pleaded with our representatives to remove controls from our special economic interest and keep them on the other fellow’s. The root cause of last week’s disaster was the greed and undisciplined individualism of the American people. The whole performance must have made the Kremlin very happy.

Mr. Dulles on Peace Communist successes, said John Foster Dulles at the national convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew in Philadelphia, are not “a measure of Soviet Communist capacity . . . What is happening is a measure of Western inadequacy. We no longer inspire confidence because we have not done that of which we are capable.” The failure of the West to live up to its best principles and traditions is the reason why it has “so light a spiritual hold on the masses of mankind that they eagerly listen to those [i.e. the Soviets] who have not even shown that they can establish a good society at home.” Mr. Dulles instanced the failure of the Western Powers in the promotion of self-government for colonies, in the “good neighbor policy,” in the exploitation of China. Our most important task at present is a “mental adjustment to a dynamic peace.” Most of us, however, “would like a peace which is a condition of tranquility. We would like all threat and challenge to be removed and to feel that we can safely relax.” That is not Mr. Dulles’ idea of peace—nor, we may add, is it that of the Holy Father or of Catholic theologians. “Peace,” said Mr. Dulles,

ought to be a condition of vigorous effort to redress wrongs and to advance the general welfare of mankind. That kind of peace is available to us and it requires no prior agreements or settlements. No nation can close to another that door of opportunity.

Too many of us—Catholics included—have not yet realized that peace is not just the absence of war; much less is it the absence of effort. The man who really wants peace wants to do something about the ills of the world. There is plenty to do even here at home in America, with its economic and racial discriminations, its alarming outbreaks of hatred. To adapt an old proverb, if you want peace, prepare for hard work.

United Nations Delay The second postponement of the General Assembly, this time to October 23, found the United States neither supporting nor opposing the proposal. Secretary Byrnes is known to feel that the Big Four should not dictate to the fifty-one members of the United Nations when, where and if they should meet. But even aside from the appearance of Big Power dictation, such frequent postponements could only work to undermine the prestige of the United Nations in the minds of its own members. At the same time the United States could not fail to admit that the speedy conclusion of peace treaties with the Axis satellites was as important for world peace as the meeting on time of the General Assembly. The initiative for the postponement, supported by Great Britain, France and China, was taken by the Soviet Union whose Foreign Minister, V. M. Molotov, said his country could not take part in two international conferences simultaneously, on account of an inadequate diplomatic staff. The belief, if not assurance, expressed by the Soviet delegate to the Paris Peace Conference that the treaties would be finished (as far as the twenty-one nations were concerned) by October 23, was meant to soften the blow of this new postponement and may be taken as a pledge that a third delay will not be sought. To what extent the desire to postpone the Assembly was affected by a fear that this "Town Meeting of the World" might put the Russians at a disadvantage from a new quarter is a matter for speculation among those who have watched the increasingly defensive position into which recent events have forced the Soviet Union.

Soviet House Cleaning All is not well behind Stalin's "iron curtain," according to Soviet official pronouncements in Moscow. Last spring the Politbureau "liquidated" two Soviet "autonomous states," the Checheno-Ingush republic in the Caucasus and a republic of Crimean Tartars, for their alleged collaboration with the Germans. Then came the industrial purge, with thousands of Soviet "specialists" and technicians dismissed or imprisoned. The Soviet Foreign Office lost one of its oldest diplomats, Maxim Litvinov, who since 1941 has been in complete obscurity. Leningrad Communist Party leader Andrei Zhdanov is waging a literary purge. Nikolai Tikhonov, head of the Union of Soviet Writers, was removed from the presidency; off went Mikhail Zoshchenko, one of the best contemporary Soviet short-story writers,

and poet Anna Akhmatova, both of whom were barred from all Soviet publications for their "decadence" and "rotten lack of ideology." The literary magazine *Leninograd* was suspended, and *Zvezda* ("Star") scolded for "ignoring the vital foundation of the Soviet system and for spreading a spirit of obsequiousness to the contemporary bourgeois culture of the West." The motion-picture organ *Cinema* is constantly insisting that the Soviet citizens be faithful to the "Bolshevik interpretation in art, in the theatre and films," while *Izvestia* turned its heavy guns on American-inspired Soviet jazz music. The *Leninograd* writers abruptly decided to abandon the theory *ars gratia artis* and, instead, to "train Soviet youth in a high feeling of Soviet patriotism." There are indications that the Red Army, and especially the Red Air Force, are the next targets. Stalin is particularly concerned about his army, which is reported as now being anti-communist and seriously demoralized as a result of its contact with western nations.

Soviet Troubles in Ukraine The vast Soviet purges that started a year ago in Ukraine are becoming ever more drastic. While at Lake Success Ukraine's flamboyant "foreign minister," Dmitri Z. Manuilsky, upbraids Greece and Great Britain in the name of the Ukrainian people, the Ukrainians themselves are bitterly persecuted by Manuilsky's boss Stalin, and one wonders whether they even know why Greece suddenly became a "menace" to international peace. Ukraine's "premier" Nikita Khrushchev (a Politbureau member) announced a "mass replacement" of Communist Party personnel in Ukraine, a country politically unreliable and always in a state of revolt against Russia. About half of Ukraine's executives were dismissed, 64 per cent of the regional Soviets and 67 per cent of the directors of factories. Ukrainian schools, press and literary life were most heavily hit. Khrushchev declared (after twenty-nine years of Bolshevism!) that new schools will be organized to give the Ukrainian youth a "proper political and ideological training." A study, *Survey of the History of Ukrainian Literature*, published by the Ukrainian Academy of Science in Kiev, was condemned because it was "imbued" with "bourgeois Ukrainian nationalism." So was another book on Ukrainian history which advocated that the Ukrainians should orient themselves toward Western culture. The newspapers *Pravda Ukrainy* and *Radianska Ukraina* were censored for not printing enough articles on the "theory and history of Bolshevism." One of the editors of these papers, Luke Palamarchuk, is now visiting in Canada and is said to be coming to New York to attend the Soviet-sponsored "American Slav Congress" to be held September 20, 1946.

Individualism's Error Thinking Christians may rightly be surprised by the lengths to which current individualist philosophy carries its votaries. The Individualists—with a capital "I," since we mean those who have erected their petty selfishness into a philosophical system—have discovered that there is no such thing as the common good; that the most we can expect of the

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individual is that he live up to purely personal moral dictates and defend his "rights" against all attackers. The anomaly of the position does not occur to the philosophical Individualists. They rest content after posing the dilemma that one must choose between collectivistic socialism and individualism—there is no middle ground. A forthright and perfectly honest statement of the attitude taken by individualists appears in the September, 1946, issue of *Economic Council Review of Books*, publication of the National Economic Council, Inc. The occasion is a lengthy discussion of Henry Hazlitt's recent book, *Economics in One Lesson*. Mr. Hazlitt made the point that at times the general good takes precedence over the good of individuals. To think otherwise he rightly judges an error. Not so the reviewer for the Economic Council. We quote:

Here I can only agree with Professor Laski: There is no compromise between socialism and individualism. If only an extremist sits on one stool or the other, what do you call the person who sits on the air between them?

As an individualist, I say there is no common good, no general welfare; the only human welfare is the welfare of individual persons. The proper business and moral obligation of every person is to promote his own good, care of his own welfare, pursue his own business. It is no part of his business to intrude his attention upon other persons' affairs and act for their welfare, nor to sacrifice himself for it.

Those with an eye capable of reading between the lines can detect the influence of such a naturalist philosophy upon the propaganda put out by certain capitalist groups. Little discernment is needed to perceive therein a distortion of the true nature of man, second only to that perpetrated by the Marxists. Christians, mindful of Pius XI's condemnation of individualism in *Quadragesimo Anno*, will refuse to have their concept of man and society thus arbitrarily delimited by the intransigent heirs either of laissez-faire or of Karl Marx.

Religion and Agriculture The absorption of the American farmer with the sheer material details of his occupation has become something of a byword. Working close to God's creation and daily witnessing the mysteries of the life cycle, one would expect him to be the most religious of men. In many instances, of course, he is inspiringly so. But, not infrequently, concern with profit and loss, and perhaps the thankless task of taking a living from unfriendly soil, have turned him into a negotiator little different from the most profit-minded of business men. Laissez-faire, instead of finding its refutation in family life on the land and in the very stability of agricultural production, has been sold rather generally as a philosophy of life to the farming sons of pioneer forebears. Our own Department of Agriculture, moreover, with its roots in the economic upheaval of the Civil War period, has too long shown its primary concern to be increased production and high monetary returns. (Of course during the same period countless rural religious leaders and teachers found their nights tormented with dreams of urban pastorates and the "blessings" of city life.) Such tendencies have hardly served

to turn the farmer's thoughts in a spiritual direction. All of which is regrettable in the present critical period when high-minded, altruistic men are at a premium. It may be late, but not too late, to reverse the trend. Toward this end the United States Department of Agriculture can do much by putting less emphasis upon technological development and more upon family living and spiritual values. It can cooperate with rural religious leaders looking for a remedy. Should the search for rural religious leaders prove rather barren, that of course is not the Department's fault. It will have done its part and begun to correct the long-standing false start. USDA administrators may wonder, however, whether perhaps the potential rural religious leaders have not been sold an urban, laissez-faire bill of goods even more effectively than the farmers.

NCEA On The Educational Question A departure in the publication policy of the National Catholic Educational Association strikes us as admirable. Instead of (or in addition to) its almost-never-on-time quarterly bulletins, the NCEA has recently issued two slim but valuable tracts—one is *Federal Aid for American Education*, by Archbishop McNicholas of Cincinnati, the other a review of the Research Bulletin, *The State and Sectarian Education*, put out by the National Education Association. We have already commended Archbishop McNicholas' able brief for the right of parents to send their children to either private or public schools and their concomitant right to assistance from the State or Federal Government, if needed, for the education of their children in the school of their conscientious choice. The Hill-Thomas-Taft Federal-aid bill, which undoubtedly will be revived when Congress reconvenes, goes directly counter to these rights. People who talk about the reign of religious liberty in our country have here a conspicuous example to the contrary. It would be a salutary thing if Protestants, who on the whole favor the inequitable Hill-Thomas-Taft bill, were to ask themselves whether they oppose Federal aid to non-public schools (which is certainly not prohibited by the U. S. Constitution) because they honestly believe it would endanger separation of Church and State, or because it would bring greater immediate assistance to Catholic schools. And there is a second question they might mull over. Is not Federal aid to *all* schools the only ultimately satisfactory solution of their growing concern over the secularization of Protestantism through the secularism of the public school which they have promoted with might and main, for these many years? A reading of the second NCEA pamphlet, prepared by Father William E. McManus and Vincent C. Allred, would ensure a more objective answer to these queries. Both pamphlets are well-reasoned contributions to a critical subject for all Americans, the subject of freedom of religion as it touches freedom of education.

Labor Conventions Among the labor conventions held during the past fortnight, two have an interest that notably transcends union circles. During the first week

of September, the International Hod Carriers, Building and Common Laborers (AFL) convened in Chicago—and that was news in itself. This is the big, notorious organization which dispensed with conventions and elections of officers for over thirty years and has been one of the favorite and justified targets for the venomous shafts of Westbrook Pegler. An attempt was made by some of the delegates, who were meeting for the first time in five years, to breathe a little democracy into their union, but President Joseph V. Moreschi discouraged such nonsense and succeeded in maintaining the questionable *status quo*. Voted down were resolutions that conventions be held more often and that officers be elected by referendum. The week following, the communist-dominated United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers (CIO) assembled in Milwaukee. Communism was the issue here, and for the first time since CIO Secretary James Carey was eased out of the presidency of UE by a communist-led caucus at the 1941 convention, the honest trade unionists were organized and prepared to fight. Since the Communists are nothing if not resourceful, and have had five years to cement their control of the CIO's third largest affiliate, they succeeded rather easily in blocking the attempt of Mr. Carey and his supporters to derail the Emspak-Mates machine and its pliant tool and disarming front man, President Albert Fitzgerald. But if the democratic caucus can hold together for another year, and if by that time CIO President Philip Murray has learned that the fight against communism is something very much more than "ideological mumblings," the next convention will tell another story.

Unethical Promotion In AMERICA for July 20 appeared an article by Rev. Harold C. Gardiner, S.J., *Marriage: Spiritualized or Wrecked*. The article was occasioned by a book, *How to Pick a Mate*, by Dr. Clifford R. Adams and Vance O. Packard, published by E. P. Dutton and Co. Referring to (not reviewing) this book, the AMERICA author stated:

There is a great deal of good common sense in the book, which jibes perfectly with the Church's attitude. Such matters as premarital experiences, women working after marriage, and so on, are well treated. There is, inevitably, the usual acceptance of instruction in the use of contraceptives, such statements as that "evidence" proves that masturbation is not a sin, etc., which vitiate the good sense the authors otherwise show.

On August 15, Dutton's promotion manager sent out a letter "to the Catholic trade." It reads, in part:

I believe you will be interested to know that in the July 20th issue of AMERICA there is a long review [sic] of this book by Father Gardner [sic]. I want to point out the following quotation from Father Gardner's review.

"There is a deal of common sense in the book, which jibes perfectly with the Church's attitude."

Period. Nothing more is given. This is very reprehensible promotion technique. It is obviously a distortion of the AMERICA author's intention, which was not to further the sale of the book, but to condemn its false views, while, at the same time, admitting what was good in it.

Why could not the publishers have played as fair with AMERICA's thought and text as AMERICA did with their book? A follow-up letter from Dutton "to the Catholic trade," giving the entire original statement, is not too much to expect.

"What! Another Book Club?" It's their question ("they" being the managers of the Nonfiction Book Club), not ours. But this is our answer, not theirs. We say "yes—but with an idea that's got off to an appallingly bad start." Because the first selection of the club is *Man: an Autobiography*, by George R. Stewart. This imaginative *tour de force* is the story of "I"—the whole human race summed up in the narrator, who tells his tale, not in terms of historical dates, countries, nations, but in terms of movements, developments, etc. We are not sure what movements move or developments develop later in the book, for the first ones were so childish and utterly devoted to getting Man down from the trees and developing feet on him, that we didn't go on. This evolutionary claptrap hits its high in the chapter "I Become I." Now, the point of real importance is not this particular book, glibly materialistic as it is. The point is that the Nonfiction Book Club ought to set its sights straight at the start. It claims that it will give no books "that you'll be ashamed of owning after you have read them once." Moral lapses in reading are indeed shameful, but intellectual distortion is even more shameful in its insidiousness. A man may read a smutty passage or wholly pornographic book; if he is a normal human being, he will realize that he has done wrong; he will, or may, amend his ways. But the same man, taken in and duped by the posturings of pseudo-science, may have his whole mental atmosphere poisoned, without realizing that he is steeped in skepticism and an utterly worldly sense of values. Any book club that fosters such a mentality ought to be ashamed of the books it recommends; any member (if he remains one) ought to be ashamed of them after he has read them once or a hundred times.

NKVD Rechristened Along with reports of liquidation of "independent" republics and of extensive "purges" now under way in the Ukraine and elsewhere in the Soviet Union, some brighter news filters through the "iron curtain." Moscow announces that the NKVD—People's Commissariat of Internal Affairs—will hereafter be a "Ministry of State Security" or *MGB*! Unfortunately, in the history of Soviet police such a change of name has not diminished the suffering of Stalin's helpless subjects. After the first World War (1917-1922) it was a "Cheka" under the famed Dzierzynsky. From the Cheka's dissolution, until 1934, the organization's name was GPU, under the leadership of such outstanding stars as Yezhov and Yagoda. Both were subsequently "liquidated" by the present chief of the NKVD, successor to the GPU, namely Beria. Whether the new name for Stalin's dreaded police means an altogether new course in his internal policy, it is as yet too soon to predict. But one thing is practically certain: increased terror and more firing squads.

Washington Front

For months strikes have been the *bête noire* of Democratic political strategists hoping for victory for the party in November. As one shutdown followed another in motors, steel, coal, rails and other major industries, they prayed that industrial peace and full production would come in time to let the public forget—or at least forgive—by election day.

Yet as 1946 bowed into mid-September, the headlines spelled political trouble for Truman & Co. They told of a crippling seamen's walkout that had the nation's waterfront tied up, and of a critical trucking strike. Another headline forecast an "unparalleled meat famine" for the U.S. Still another proclaimed: "Halt in Home Building Near as Black Market Costs Soar." There was keening from the Paris conference and the United Nations in New York.

Harry Truman returned from his Bermuda holiday with troubles on many fronts. Certainly all were not of his making, but they contributed to the political harassment of himself and his party.

To fight off the Republicans as best he can, Mr. Truman will slip into the mantle of party leader and take the stump. Yet it seems to be the fact that the Democrats are

running, not as the party led by President Truman in 1946, but as the one that was led by Franklin Roosevelt from 1933 until April, 1945.

It was President Truman's fate to follow a President who thrived on crises, and who met and dramatized them in a manner that often strengthened his own position. That it was done with mirrors was discovered only later, in some cases. And Mr. Truman has followed him at a time when swing-over from war to peace would have been difficult no matter how well planned or well executed.

A reporter traveling about the country hears much that is unfavorable to President Truman, yet some capable newsmen who cover him day after day at the White House adjudge him a man of honesty and courage, trying his best to resolve critical situations in the public interest. To those who follow the Henry Wallace-Senator Pepper line he is a man who has shed too much of the New Deal; to conservatives, both Democrats and Republicans, he is a man who has kept too much of it.

It is a bit too early to know whether Mr. Roosevelt's coattails can sustain another ride. As of now the Democrats have stiff Congressional battles ahead of them in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Missouri and in the Northwest and California. The polls have been showing a steady trend away from the Democrats and Mr. Truman has a tough job cut out for him to stem this swing.

CHARLES LUCEY

Underscorings

Concluding a notice of the death of H. G. Wells, the London *Tablet* summed up accurately, we think, if somewhat caustically, Mr. Wells' little contribution to posterity:

On the morning after his death the *Daily Herald* proclaimed him as "the man who was always right," and the *News Chronicle* as "the man who taught millions to think." Yet he was only right on small scientific prognostications, and profoundly wrong about the development of human society. He did not teach his readers to think but captivated them with a rhetoric which reflected their aspirations, and both headlines, in their sweeping superficiality and error, reflected very well the mentality he induced and stimulated.

► The canonization of the two Jesuit priests, Bernardino Realino and John de Britto, scheduled for September 22, has been postponed to some time next year when it is hoped that travel facilities will be available to the large groups of pilgrims from Portugal and South America who plan to attend the ceremony.

► Centering in old St. Peter's Church in downtown New York is the "Barclay Street Institute of Catholic Action." Its activities—every day and evening of the week from October through March—embrace fourteen separate

units. There is the lending library; an information center on Catholic truth; a labor school; the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine; a lay apostolate group; a forum on marriage, the family and the home; a round table on liturgy for the layman; an historical institute; round tables on current topics, current literature and interracial justice; a First Friday Club for men and a First Saturday Club for women. To keep everybody informed of the round of events, the special speakers, etc., there's the "Barclay Street News." Lest anyone think this is just a pretentious list, the plain truth is that it's genuine. Other people around the country who are planning, or would like to plan, such a center of Catholic Action for the benefit of their own communities should peep in on St. Peter's.

► The reception into the Catholic Church at Assisi, Italy, of Mrs. Clare Consuelo Sheridan, sculptor, author and traveler, touches some interesting relationships. Mrs. Sheridan is first cousin to former Prime Minister Winston Churchill, and a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Morton Frewen. Mrs. Frewen was the daughter of Leonard Jerome of New York and an aunt of Winston Churchill and of Shane Leslie, another convert. Mrs. Sheridan's husband was killed in the first World War, in 1915.

► A total of 126 former British servicemen have entered the Jesuit house of studies for late vocations at Osterley, England, to study for the priesthood.

A. P. F.

Editorials

Byrnes at Stuttgart

The problem of Germany and the peace, which has hovered like a specter over every meeting of Foreign Ministers and every session of UN, was brought courageously into the open by Secretary Byrnes in his speech at Stuttgart. Russia's delaying tactics have been forestalled, and both world opinion and the peacemakers' thoughts have been given a frank and principled statement of the steps that must be taken, if Germany is to get not a "hard" or a "soft," but a just peace.

What are the elements of the problem? Mr. Byrnes' declaration emphasized these major items: Germany must immediately be given a central administration to assure her economic well-being; the four-zone government has utterly collapsed; without inter-zonal trade, starvation and ruin, not only for Germany, but for all central Europe, is the only fate. Second, there must be no further dismemberment of Germany, though there is still the probability that the Ruhr and the Rhineland may be placed under international control. Mr. Byrnes did not dwell on this last point, but it undoubtedly is a major element in the ultimate solution. Third, the time has come for the erection of a central German government, democratically elected and conducted, so that the Germans themselves may begin to win their way back into the family of nations.

What are the risks and dangers bristling around these major problems? First, the Russians are interested in the economic recovery of Germany only because they put the question of reparations as the number-one issue. With their own zone well on the way to complete sovietization, Russia is indifferent to the economic unity of Germany, as witness her hostility to the United States-British zonal mergers.

Second, the question of no further dismemberment throws open the whole impassioned debate of Germany's eastern frontiers. Though it was agreed at Potsdam that "the final delimitation of the western frontiers of Poland should await the peace settlement," the Polish communist-led government has already been shrieking at Mr. Byrnes' "audacity" in giving Germany any hope for a revision of the eastern borders. This is a most crucial point, for, as Cardinal Frings of Cologne stated at the Fulda conference, "it is truly madness to think that the world can be made healthy by forcing 14,000,000 Germans from the east into a part of Germany already overcrowded." An apparently insuperable complication comes from the fact that Russia, with her expansionist policy, can never recede from a region she has once taken over, though it be only a puppet state.

Finally, France looks with a wary eye (and her history gives her reasons) on any proximate central Ger-

man government. Not only does that imply a unified Germany as a threat to France, but a central government at Berlin, it is thought, would fall under Russian domination, with consequent sovietization not only of a zone, but of all of the country.

What are the hopes that these major problems will be solved? First, the United States has served notice that we are in Germany to stay until a just peace is concluded. We have clearly joined the issue with Russia; we are determined that, within the framework of the UN, it is our concept of democracy that is to be applied in Germany. Second, in reaffirming the decisions of Potsdam, we are manifesting a consistency in foreign policy which must convince peoples who are flirting with Moscow that the only hope of a stable and just peace lies in the western, and not in the Russian, concept of democracy.

The road ahead is rocky. But we are convinced that Mr. Byrnes spoke for the vast majority of Americans and for all democratic peoples. It remains for us at home to back him with all the instruments of public opinion—and with our prayers.

Martyrs' Tercentenary

Close to a million boys and girls crowd into our American Catholic schools this fall. As after Mass they open first their Catechism, then the history-books that spread the epic story of America's vocation before their minds and hearts, the "Mission of the Martyrs" at Auriesville is three hundred years old—or young. More than a century before the declaration of our independence, Saint Isaac Jogues, Saint René Goupil, Saint Jean de la Lande had baptized in their blood and dedicated to Our Lady Immaculate this land of the free and home of the brave. Parents and teachers will not fail to translate and interpret for our children the sublime sense and inspiration of this year's tercentenary "pilgrimage," led by our gracious hierarchy, with pulpit and radio focusing attention on the venerable palisade-shrine along the banks of the Mohawk.

Christianity is much more than a doctrinal "message," a peace-plan "proposed" to statesmen at high levels and to savages at low. It is the very continuing life of Christ, to be lived and shared "unto the end" with all men of all races and cultures. Christ is not merely preached and presented to the nations by His apostle-priests and laymen. He is revealed and communicated, in all His divine majesty and human tenderness, by the positive witness of men whose lives are *dedicated* to justice and charity in His Name and by His mandate. The unity and universality of our Faith—one God, one world, one Redeemer, living in one Church, His Mystical Body—is made manifest as truth and liberating as law by the martyrdom,

not seldom bloody but always sacrificial, of the living members of Christ.

Jogues, Goupil and de la Lande brought the living message to our Iroquois tepees from the comfortable security of France's *grand siècle*. Their Jesuit superiors left them no illusions in their instructions: "It is credible, if the enterprise succeed in effecting the salvation of this people, that it will produce no fruit until it be sprinkled with the blood of martyrs." Why did they come, and come again, knowing well what was in store for them? They were not forced to America by persecution. They were not deported criminals, misfits or opportunists. They carried no guns, sold no fire-water, sought no beaver pelts. Quite simply, the charity of Christ drove them to our shores. These Blackrobes had studied, talked and taught Christianity at home. It was not enough. The savage was in need, and knew not his need. They came to sanctify our soil by their prayer, labor and blood, because their lives were committed with Christ to bring light to all men who sit in darkness, life to all spiritually dead. They came to spell out for the Indians, by integrally Christian lives, the sign and story of the Cross that redeems the world.

Three hundred years after, the arrow, pike and tomahawk are museum-pieces at the Martyrs' Shrine above Albany, relics with the martyrs' scattered bones for the Christian people now grown great in the Indians' ancient hunting-ground. But a new savagery, a more refined indifference, a more subtly brutal war-cry against "all that is divine" (encyclical *Divini Redemptoris*) challenges, at home and abroad, the Christian soldiers we are training in our schools for "moral leadership" in the ever-actual campaign to save one world by winning it to Christ. When Pope Pius XI raised the American Martyrs to our altars in 1930, his homily followed a text which the tercentenary solemnities must burn into the hearts of our children: "*Imitari non pigeat quos celebrare delectat*" ("be not slow to model your lives after those of the heroes you honor and applaud"). Not the least of Auriesville's glories is its summons to our youth to give, rather than merely to live, for their brethren near and far, the Christian life that is in them.

U.S. Chinese policy

In the struggle for a free world China assumes front rank with Germany as a major concern of American foreign policy. Moscow realizes this only too well, and for the past year its Fifth Column here has been exerting pressure on Washington to abandon support of the legal government of Chiang Kai-shek. Right now the propaganda takes the line of demanding the immediate recall of American troops in China, an approach which appeals to the family instincts of all who have loved ones in service, and at the same time exploits the average American's notorious innocence in world affairs.

Latest move in the game of power politics is a conference scheduled for San Francisco, beginning October 19, under the auspices of the National Committee to Win the

Peace. This outfit is one of the more ambitious of the new communist fronts and has as co-chairmen the singer Paul Robeson and Brig-General Evans F. Carlson, retired leader of "Carlson's Raiders." With a candor surprising in anyone who plays with the Red fascists, the General has admitted his belief "that the only democratic force—the only organization aiming to benefit the broad mass of people there—is that being fostered by the Chinese Communists."

This communist conniving was the object of a blast last week by a group of intelligent and experienced Americans who have at heart both the welfare of the Chinese and the true interests of the United States. In a letter to President Truman, the American China Policy Associates demanded that Russia be held to the Yalta Agreement recognizing Chiang's Government, that the United States cease all support to Chinese Communists, and that it back the lawful Government in suppressing the Moscow fifth column in China. Accompanying the letter was the translation of a document which appears to show beyond all doubt that the Chinese Communists are puppets of the Kremlin. It includes a resolution of the Communist International's Eastern Bureau which was adopted on March 12, 1946, and which, if genuine, proves that the Soviet dictatorship has been openly violating the Yalta Agreement on China since last March and that its announcement in 1943 of the dissolution of the Communist International was a lie and a fraud. After ordering the Central Political Bureau of the Chinese Communist Party to "use revolutionary tactics to estrange relations between the United States and Chiang Kai-shek," the resolution continues with the following statement:

At the same time we should use delaying tactics not to solve any problem by consultation with the Kuomintang in order to shake the confidence of the people in it and to bring it political instability.

We should, while negotiating in order to secure the sympathy of the American Government, continue fighting so as to arouse the abhorrence of American public opinion. Only by so doing can we break American loans and assistance to the Kuomintang. Thus, the culmination of our revolution and victory will soon arrive.

Whether or not this resolution is genuine, even a superficial acquaintance with the news from the Orient reveals that the policy it recommends is actually being followed by the Chinese Communist Party. The coincidence is too neat to be casual.

Furthermore, it is unlikely that the experienced men and women who have organized the American China Policy Associates would be fooled by a forgery. People like J. P. Powell, the war correspondent who was crippled while a prisoner of the Japs, Representatives Clare Boothe Luce and Walter Judd, and Robert Watt of the AFL surely know their way around the ideological underworld.

In view of the importance of the charges made by the American China Policy Associates, we commend this matter to the earnest attention of President Truman and the State Department.

Detroit's testimonial

Few contentents can lay better claim to the title of "forgotten man" than can the Catholic priests and religious and laity who devote themselves to the spiritual welfare of the Negro in this country. The Church's Negro mission work is forgotten because, for the most part, there is little in it that is spectacular, much that is laborious and hidden.

It is passed over, also, because for many of us it is an unwelcome reminder of duties of charity that we are too spiritually indolent and selfish to fulfill; of duties of simple justice which it pains us to recognize; of associations and fellowships which the un-Catholic and the worldly-minded are eager to evade.

Workers in the Negro missions have long been acquainted with these ancient obstacles to the progress of their work, and they have seen in many an instance its fruits destroyed because of them. But they have also learned that their forgotten state can be overcome by positive, organized effort. This effort will take the form of a much broader publicizing of actual persons and achievements, together with the great doctrinal and spiritual implications of the Negro mission work itself.

Hence the importance of the remarkable event which was so effectively carried out in Detroit on September 8, a "Testimonial to the Negro Missions in the United States," through the joint labor of the Catholic Interracial Council of Detroit and the Fathers of the Holy Ghost and under the enthusiastic auspices of His Eminence, Cardinal Mooney, Detroit's Archbishop. Both the facts and implications of the Negro missions were exemplified and publicized at a solemn Pontifical Mass in the Sacred Heart Church, followed by a luncheon. An afternoon mass meeting was addressed by the Most Rev. Francis J. Haas, Bishop of Grand Rapids, and the Rev. Norbert Georges, O.P.

Bishop Haas, who pleaded strongly for State and Federal fair-employment legislation, brought the implications of the Church's apostolate to a very telling point when he suggested that Catholic wage and salaried employees pledge themselves to the practice of interracial charity and justice. "Behold a form of Christian charity and justice too long neglected," he said to Catholic workers.

It is time for the Church's apostolate to U. S. minority groups to take its rightful place among the glories of the Catholic Church in this country and in the world.

France rebuilds

Though France, at summer's end, is still far from political peace, in one respect she is beautifully back to normal. Her "incredible" spiritual energy, despite external pressures and compound internal fractures, is baffling the commentators once more. Somehow her bureaucrats, the butt of the world's cartoons, manage to balance a World Peace Conference and a Constituent Assembly on Marianne's frail shoulders, while action waits leisurely on the

clear ideas and "principles," without which no Frenchman can breathe or let us breathe. "France today," writes Anne O'Hare McCormick in the *New York Times*, "is more Catholic, more communist, more bureaucratic, more proletarian, more lawless than it was before the war. Nevertheless, France is recovering. With a four-day working-week, production is humming again . . ." Which is just about the image of the real world-in-little we have learned to look for in successive portraits of the Eldest Daughter of the Church.

For consoling reassurance on this point, we need only page through the "Conclusions" reached at the thirty-third session of the *Semaine Sociale* held this summer at Strasbourg (Cf. *AMERICA*, Aug. 3, 1946). There are measure, balance and solidity—and, we ought to add, *charity* of purest ray serene—in each of its fourteen recommendations on structural and spiritual reform of the national and international community.

Skeptics wary of mere academic and *ex-parte* manifestoes may need the reminder that Christian "building" principles studied, clarified and elaborated annually for nearly fifty years at the French *Semaine Sociale*, have influenced positively and profoundly the social thought and action of Christian Europe, with especially vitalizing effect upon the rapidly developing movement known now to the West as Christian Democracy.

The "builders" at Strasbourg were chiefly concerned to preserve the necessary balance between personal (individual and social) liberties and the exigencies of national and international unity. Totalitarians of every color are told that these twin objectives of the community, imposing a twin responsibility on its state organisms, are only apparently in conflict. The problem is one of positive equilibrium:

Liberty is not license, and unity is not uniformity. For the citizen, disinterest in the common welfare is no longer a legitimate use of his freedom; and the state which stifles liberty under pretext of the common welfare forgets that the common good exists only as long as it remains the *good* of persons who are free.

Faced with inevitable tension between the claims of freedom and unity, the state will make it its chief business to *harmonize* the various private initiatives, rather than to reduce all to uniformity by the process of taking them over. Even when constrained to organize on its own (to nationalize or socialize), the state must not fail to introduce "a certain pluralism" into the operation of its enterprise, in the measure required by respect for human liberty. Administration should aim, through decentralization, at the restoration of a healthy and prosperous provincial or communal life. State monopoly of education, including the university, should make way for a national council integrating the free contribution of public and private schools to a common cultural formation. Conciliation of agricultural and industrial interests may be looked for only if farmer and worker are recognized, aided and protected as economic "specialists."

It all sounds very French, very positively Christian, very heartening. France is back to normal in the spiritual direction of our building plans.

Stalin's American Slav congress

Walter Dushnyck

"The world revolution was not called off because of the war; it was only delayed." Walter Dushnyck, Ukrainian-born graduate of Louvain, now an American citizen, analyzes the coming American-Slav Congress in terms of Stalin's worldwide Trojan Horse tactics.

Recent events and developments inside and outside the Soviet Union foreshadow a new turn of events in this ephemeral postwar world. Extensive administration and Party "purges" in Ukraine, that restless portion of the Soviet Union's inner defenses against the Western world, greater tightening of communist control over war-weary Soviet citizens, the building up of a large army of NKVD men—all seem intended to assure a completely disciplined and "pacified" home front to back up any action which may develop in the outside world.

Reports filtering through Stalin's iron wall are practically unanimous in one respect: the Soviet Union and its satellites make ready in every field for a final test with the Western world. The official battle cry of the Soviet masses is that of military preparedness. The Soviet *élite* is convinced that the time has come when their historic "mission" can be realized: world conquest for communism! This plan, boldly conceived, may seem to Westerners extremely ridiculous. Yet to the Soviets it is a program of life and death, based on the conviction: "Soviets all over the world, or there will be no Soviets at all" (*Soviet na tseloy sviyet, ili Sovietu niet*), reminiscent of Hitler's "Today Europe—tomorrow the world!"

In this far-reaching and desperate conspiracy against the rest of the world the Soviets will use any means to achieve their long-coveted objectives. In their dialectic deception is a perfectly legitimate instrument. The Comintern or the Communist International, for example, was always a logical adjunct of Soviet foreign policy. Maxim Litvinov, now dismissed as Deputy Foreign Minister of the Soviet Union, gave solemn assurances in 1933 to the late President Roosevelt that the Comintern would not interfere in the political life of the United States. *This was one of the conditions under which we recognized the Soviet Union.*

In 1929, four years before the recognition, some American Communists visited Moscow. They heard the following from Stalin:

I think that the moment is not far off when a revolution will develop in America that will be the beginning of the end of world capitalism as a whole. It is essential that the American Communist Party should be capable of meeting this historical moment fully prepared.

Seventeen years later the pages of the *Daily Worker* bear witness that this advice has not been forgotten.

To get lend-lease provisions from the United States, Stalin in May, 1943, "dissolved" the Comintern. This mendacious trick served in fact as a signal for redoubled revolutionary activity by the Communists and their supporters. Victor Kravchenko, author of *I Chose Freedom*, was then a member of the Soviet Government and resided in Moscow. He writes about the "dissolution":

In a fanfare around the supposed dissolution of the International, it was quite forgotten that Stalin's book, *Problems of Leninism*, remained the supreme guide in communist doctrinal matters. And in that book Stalin leaves no doubt of his belief that the "victorious proletariat"—meaning the USSR—has not only a right but a sacred obligation to use force to achieve revolution in other countries when the opportunity presents itself. The established revolutionary regime, Stalin declares, must provide help to the rest of the world, "acting when necessary with military power against exploiting classes and their states."

The World Revolution was not called off because of the war, it was only delayed.

In the same year, 1943, Russian agents, both of the NKVD and the Comintern, organized an extensive spy ring in Canada, as was later revealed by Igor Gouzenko, former Soviet code clerk at the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa. In a signed statement to the Royal Commission, only a few weeks ago, Gouzenko declared:

Holding forth at international conferences with voluble statements about peace and security, the Soviet Government is simultaneously preparing secretly for the third world war.

To meet this war, the Soviet Government is creating in democratic countries, including Canada, a fifth column, in the organization of which even diplomatic representatives of the Soviet Government take part.

Perhaps the code clerk sought only to frighten us, but other events would indicate he spoke as he believed.

The spy-ring "master," Col. Nicolai Zabotin, was quoted by Gouzenko as having said of the Western Allies: "Yesterday they were allies, tomorrow they will be our enemies." The Soviet Ambassador in Ottawa, George N. Zarubin, was withdrawn from Canada because of compromising activities in his embassy. Yet the Soviet Government did not hesitate to nominate him Soviet envoy to the Court of St. James in London as yet a further proof that the Soviets have no intention of abandoning their subversive work in democratic countries.

While the Soviet Government does everything to keep Americans from visiting the Soviet Union, it sends numerous "representatives" and delegates to various "Slav American" groups in this country. Among the latter are: 1) the United Committee of South Slavs; 2) Committee of Yugoslav Relief; 3) the American Slav Congress. Of these the first two are outright propaganda agencies for Tito. The third one has direct affiliation with the All-Slav Committee of the Soviet Union, and as such is subordinated to the foreign department of the Politbureau.

Writer Louis Adamic and violinist Zlatko Balokovic are the most outstanding and most active apologists in this country of Tito's despotic regime in Yugoslavia. The

former publishes a "paper of information and opinion" called *Trends and Tides (T & T)*. It is an outlet for the pro-communist and pro-totalitarian ideologies of Soviet Russia and her satellites. The paper echoes Moscow's line in every major international issue. For instance, in No. 2 (March-May, 1946) of *T & T* there is an attack upon American troops in China and Korea, synchronized with one in the Soviet press. In a pamphlet *America and Trieste, God and the Russians*, Louis Adamic heaps scorn upon Secretary of State Byrnes for his adamant stand on the Trieste issue. He accuses Byrnes of being led by "the British and the Vatican." Musician Balokovic is vice-chairman of the Committee of Yugoslav Relief. On occasion he writes in defense of Tito's regime (*New York Times*, August 28, 1946, correspondence).

Both Adamic and Balokovic were described as the only Americans honored by Marshal Tito with the "Order of Unity." In their writings they condemned General Draja Mihailovich, friend and ally of the United States, as a traitor to be shot, long before his capture by Tito's OZNA.

The American Slav Congress was founded in 1943 simultaneously with re-establishment of the Russian (Soviet) Orthodox Church and the resurgence of imperialistic Pan-Slavism in the Soviet Union. The American Slav Congress was to serve both as a transmission belt of Russian ideology and as a potential American fifth column. Its president, Leo Krzycki, vice-president of the CIQ Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, recently made a tour of inspection in the Soviet Union, Ukraine, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia. Meeting Tito, he is reported as having addressed him as the "George Washington of Yugoslavia." Other important lights who emerged from this group are Professor Oscar Lange and Father Orlemanski, both subjects of national and international controversies.

According to Stalin's faithful *Ukrainian Daily News* (August 25, 1946), the Central Committee of the American Slav Congress, meeting in Cleveland, Ohio, on July 27 and 28, 1946, decided to convoke a third mass rally on September 20, 21 and 22, 1946, in New York's Manhattan Center. It was stated that the "international situation requires the mobilization of all democratic forces in this country as soon as possible in order to prevent the American people from entering the new war." The Committee decided to launch an all-embracing campaign among Americans of Slavic descent, using their press, radio, fraternal organizations, youth clubs, churches and veteran organizations; further, to organize a "Slavic bloc of American citizens which will be capable of influencing election results next fall, so that only such candidates should be elected who would fully work for international progress."

The Committee also decided that over 2,000 delegates of "American Slavs" should participate in the mass rally. To the different States, delegates were allotted as follows: New York, 600; Pennsylvania, 500; Ohio, 200; Michigan, 175; Illinois, 150; Connecticut, 100; Massachusetts, 50; West Virginia, 30; Indiana, 25; Wisconsin, 25; the West Coast, 20; Missouri, 15; Minnesota, 10;

Texas, 10; Nebraska, 10; Iowa, 5; Maryland, 5; Kansas, 5; Louisiana, 5; and 65 from other States. With respect to nationality these were divided in the following manner: Croats, 450; Czechs, 300; Slovaks, 300; Russians, 200; Ukrainians, 175; Poles, 175; Slovenes, 100; Serbs, 100; Carpatho-Ruthenians, 100; Macedonians, 50; Bulgarians, 30; White Russians, 20. Thus the mining districts of Pennsylvania and the industrial East Coast have the most delegates.

While the average American knows very little about the planned congress of communist quislings, Moscow is well prepared for the occasion. On August 20, 1946, the government organ, *Izvestia*, announced that a delegation of seven members was then preparing to leave the Soviet Union for New York to attend the American Slav Congress. It is headed by Lt. General Alexander Gundorov, president of the All-Slav Committee in Moscow. The other members include Alexander Korneichuk, a Ukrainian playwright, and his Polish wife Wanda Wasilewska; Professor Timofei Gorbunov of White Russia; Vasili Koslov, "Hero of the Soviet Union," and former leader of a White Russian partisan detachment; Lidia Voinov, secretary of the Anti-Fascist League of Soviet Youth; and an engineer, Alexander Yegurnov.

The Czechoslovak Government of Benes is sending two delegates as his representatives to the American Slav Congress. They are Rev. Dr. Frantisek Fiala, pastor of St. Jacob's Church in Prague, and Laco Novomesky, "Minister of Education" from Slovakia.

In Canada there is also a Soviet Ukrainian "delegation" which came to a "festival of Ukrainian Song," organized by communist groups in Canada. It includes Luke Palamarchuk, editor of *Soviet Ukraine*, Communist daily paper of Kiev; poet Andrei Malyshko; Professor Semen Stefanyk of Lviv (son of an outstanding non-communist Ukrainian poet), and two artists, Miss Zoya Hayday and Ivan Patorzhynsky. They are said to be coming to the Manhattan Center rally.

Of the Soviet delegates only two are internationally known. Wanda Wasilewska, author of a Communist novel *Rainbow*, played a prominent part in the liquidation of the Polish Government-in-Exile in London. She organized a group of "Polish Patriots" in Moscow which finally became Stalin's puppet government of Poland. Her husband, Alexander Korneichuk, was "Foreign Minister" of Soviet Ukraine, and is a well-known Ukrainian communist playwright. He escaped periodical Soviet "purges" by writing servile panegyrics in Stalin's honor. His plays, *Bohdan Khmelnytsky* and *The Front*, brought him Stalin's "literary prize."

In 1945, when the Moscow Patriarch Alexei decided to "liquidate" the Ukrainian Catholic Church in Western Ukraine with the help of the NKVD, Korneichuk was one of the several communist poets who hunted down Ukrainian Catholic priests, terrorizing them with the *finkas* (Soviet Tommy guns) and forcing them to accept Stalin's orthodoxy. Among these Chekist-poets were Mykola Bazhan, Maxim Rylsky, Ostap Vyshnia and Pavlo Tychyna. Bazhan was awarded a nomination as Soviet-Ukraine delegate to the Inter-Government Committee for

Refugees, which is a sub-branch of the United Nations.

Alexander Korneichuk is known for his bitter hostility toward the Vatican and the Catholic Church as a whole. In a Ukrainian communist paper in Paris called *The Fartherland* (*Batkiushyna*, Apr. 27, 1946) he wrote an article entitled "Why Is the Vatican Aroused?" In it, following Patriarch Alexei's *Journal of the Moscow Patriarchate*, he attacked Pope Pius XII and the encyclical commemorating the 350th anniversary of the union of the Ukrainian Church with Rome (1596). He called the Pope "head of international reaction" and his encyclical a "false document." Mrs. Korneichuk (Wanda Wasilewska) who is coming with Korneichuk to New York, professes the same ideology as her husband.

With few exceptions, the Soviet Union is unwilling to permit foreign travel to its citizens unless they are completely reliable party members or thoroughly trained NKVD agents. As such they have specific "missions and tasks" assigned to them. Anyone acquainted with communist technique and strategy finds it difficult to conceive of Russian nationals participating in foreign or international organizations on their own responsibility or apart from objectives approved by the Kremlin. Under the proletarian dictatorship such things simply do not happen.

Why, then, does the Kremlin permit a number of delegates from Russia and the satellite states to attend the American Slav Congress? Why the sudden interest in the American Slavs? The great majority of them are Catholics and instinctively opposed to Stalin's persecution of the Catholic Church in Ukraine, Poland, Slovakia, Slovenia and other countries.

A Catholic fellowship foundation

Helene Magaret

During the year 1940, 314 foundations in the United States disbursed for charitable purposes the sum of \$51,000,000. Of these grants, \$11,500,000 were paid into the field of liberal education alone (which does not include professional colleges), and \$1,500,000 were loaned directly to needy students. The money thus disbursed was used in a great variety of ways: to educate the orphans of Buffalo, to grant fellowships to students who will remain permanently in Charleston, to help the sons and daughters of employees of the Cities Service Corporation, to establish schools in Alabama for white boys of British ancestry, to benefit the children of New England milk producers—there is no need to repeat the entire list. Not one of these 314 foundations is a Catholic institution.

The religious who administer our Catholic colleges and universities have done their best to offer aid to college students; but most of their scholarships are necessarily small, and many of them are designated for spe-

cial purposes. For instance, Catholic lay women are ineligible for nearly half of the thirty-four fellowships available for graduate work at Catholic University. This number, small at best, is even more inadequate than appears, since some of the fellowships are for only \$150 or \$200. The International Federation of Catholic Alumnae limits its grants to teaching sisters, and other alumni associations maintain funds to which only the students from their own schools are eligible. The first generous attempt to procure educational assistance for students is the recent million-dollar fund established by the Knights of Columbus to provide a Catholic education for the sons and daughters of their members who have died in the armed forces or are totally disabled as a result of military service. Ambitious as the plan is, it should be remembered that the income from \$1,000,000 will scarcely provide full maintenance for fifty students.

The Church in America depends for its vitality upon a laity sufficiently educated to meet the intellectual chal-

Most Slavs came to these shores because of unbearable political tyranny in countries of their origin. Surely they have a sentimental attachment to their "old countries"; but most of them would hardly approve the saber-rattling, imperialistic policy of Stalin. Those who do are definitely not true Americans despite their professing to be such. Rather they are supporters of a totalitarian Power's fifth column, a potential threat to the security of the United States.

In sponsoring the American Slav Congress, the Soviet Government intends to strengthen its fifth column on this continent. Already at the meeting in Cleveland the Central Committee of the group decided to organize a Slavic bloc in order to exercise political influence on our national government in Washington. There is little doubt that such a bloc would faithfully echo Moscow's line and loyally adhere to Stalin's aims.

It is inconceivable that we could send to the Soviet Union an American group which would organize and support a political party directed against the Stalin government. There is no need of further comparisons.

Only a few months ago the United States was blessed with a visit by Ilya Ehrenburg, star of Soviet journalism. He was feted here according to our best traditions. He saw every corner of this country. Upon his return to Moscow he wrote a series of vitriolic "reports" about the American people. Though mildly aroused or slightly irritated we did not mind that he painted us "noisy, naïve and childish."

But he may prove right, if we continue to be politically "naïve and childish," especially when we tolerate Soviet agents who come here to disrupt our internal life.

Just ten cents a year from each member of four large Catholic organizations would help many a poor but brilliant student through college, says Helene Magaret, author of *Father De Smet, convert and Professor of English at Marymount College, Tarrytown, N. Y.*

But he may prove right, if we continue to be politically "naïve and childish," especially when we tolerate Soviet agents who come here to disrupt our internal life.

The Church in America depends for its vitality upon a laity sufficiently educated to meet the intellectual chal-

lenge of the world outside. It must produce a literature, an art and a culture; it must train men and women for Catholic action; it must encourage active community life among those best fitted to lead. It cannot accomplish these ends until a large part of its population has entered into the great cultural stream of western civilization. In other words, our Catholic colleges and universities must have wider doors.

If we stand forever with faces pressed against the windowpane looking into the college buildings, our complacency will congeal into pride. Every Catholic family knows the miraculous growth of the Catholic educational system in America—a growth made possible only by the full cooperation of clergy and laity and the Holy Ghost. However, if we stand inside the buildings and look out, we must become humble and afraid. With all our expansion, with all our boasting of democracy and literacy and progress, higher education in America is still the privilege of a few. As late as 1940 only twelve per cent of the young men and women of college age were enrolled in institutions of higher learning. Since a large portion of the Catholic population is crowded into factory districts and slum areas, it is safe to assume that among Catholics that percentage is considerably lower. Furthermore, many of our students are drawn into secular institutions, not by choice, but because they are financially unable to study in Catholic schools. 50,000 of them are members of the Newman Club. No one knows how many more have failed to affiliate themselves with any religious organization.

Yet the Catholic Church in the United States has a membership of over 23,000,000 persons, whose combined wealth has been attested again and again by support of foreign missions, by support of charities at home and by countless simple statistics. The Boston archdiocese, for instance, is one of the largest in the world; the New York archdiocese is the richest. In spite of these facts, I know Catholic girls today who are able to attend Catholic colleges only through the generosity of the P.E.O. (a philanthropic group which prefers to remain anonymous) and other secular organizations. Such failure, it seems to me, is inconsonant with the record of our educational expansion.

Many boys and girls cannot be speeded on to college with a \$200 or a \$400 scholarship. They need nothing less than full maintenance. Without it, they are forced into clerical positions, into the business world, into domestic labor—and the Church in the end suffers by a corresponding lack of workers in every field and by the continual accusations of indolence and intellectual sterility among the laity.

Every professor who has taught for any length of time in a Catholic or non-Catholic college has been again and again moved by the tremendous sacrifices which ambitious young people must make in order to obtain an education. The three stories which follow might be multiplied into three hundred. They are not exceptions; they are in the common pattern.

When I was a graduate student at the university, one of my classmates was a young woman whom I shall call

Colette. We took the same course in creative writing. On the first day of school I sized Colette up pretty well, in the careless, unkind way of women. She was singularly unattractive, I thought; her clothes were cheap and unbecoming; her teeth were bad; she used no rouge, lipstick or face powder; she parted her hair in the middle, braided it and wrapped it around her head with formidable severity. "Why doesn't someone do something for her?" I asked myself. However, after a few weeks of school, I discovered that Colette was a girl of remarkable sweetness and intelligence. Besides, she was so exceptionally talented that within a short time her stories had won the respect of students and professor alike.

"I think you could publish that one," I said to her, after she had read a story in class. "Why don't you try?"

"Perhaps some day I shall," she answered, with a flatness of tone that seemed to be a reprimand.

On subsequent occasions I brought up the same matter. Always I received the same laconic, slightly disapproving replies. Finally I became exasperated. Here was a girl who could compete with half the writers for our current magazines; and she wasn't doing anything but reading stories in a college classroom and hiding them in some desk drawer afterwards. I became particularly persuasive. At last I got my answer.

"I'll send them out sometime," Colette said rather carelessly. "But not now . . . You see, I haven't enough money for stamps!"

I was amazed. I had been through college on scholarships myself; a good many of my friends had worked summers, they had borrowed and begged . . . but none of us had conceived of poverty like Colette's—a poverty which didn't allow ten cents for postage stamps.

Colette didn't live with the rest of us at the dormitory; she had a room at the other end of town, to which no one was ever invited. At the end of the year, when we were emerging from the shadow of master's examinations and discussing our plans for the doctorate, Colette had begun job-hunting. It was a poor year for jobs. In August, having found nothing, she returned to her father's farm to cook for the harvesters. Autumn and winter passed before any of us heard from her. The following spring she wrote. She had gone from one farm to another, cooking for the hired help, cleaning house, laundering for the farm wives. "Now," she said, "I think I can get a job for next year. I've managed to save enough money to go to the dentist, get a permanent and buy some rouge and lipstick. I know that will help." Colette was right; she found her job and is now, no doubt, doing her best to help other poor girls through school. I can still repeat my first comment, "Why didn't someone do something about her?" But now it has a different meaning.

During my first year of teaching in a Catholic college, I met Mary Lou, a quiet, wide-eyed girl who might have passed in and out of class without being noticed, had she not written a dramatic theme for Freshman English. It described how she and her twin brother had stood, shoulder to shoulder, knee-deep in water,

trying to get their father's wheat harvested before the rising flood waters should have washed it all away. Later I learned that Mary Lou's parents were Belgian immigrants to Wisconsin and that she was the first member of the family ever to attend high school. She told me that she had come to college partly because she wanted the rich religious life which a Catholic school affords and partly because she hoped in time to do social-service work among the Negroes. During the first semester she proved to be an excellent student; then gradually her work declined. In the second semester the A's became B's, the B's dropped to C's, and then all work began to dwindle away. It was necessary to call her in for an interview. I then learned that twice during the semester she had been called home because the family had needed an extra field-hand. I also learned that Mary Lou was working very long hours in the college bookstore and in the college library. If she shortened those hours, she could not continue at school; as it was, she had no time to study. The problem seemed insoluble. Before the end of the school year, Mary Lou began making inquiries about scholarships and financial aid. The scholarships were too small; the student loans seemed an impossible burden to a young girl in her particular circumstances. Mary Lou realized that she was paying a heavy price for an education she was not getting. In June she returned to her father's farm. Her dream of an education, for which she had sacrificed so much, was permanently frustrated.

A few years later Jerry arrived. She was one of five sisters whose parents had worked out a fool-proof scheme of education. Each daughter was to attend college for two years, then go to work to finance her younger sister for two years, until all of them, from the oldest to the youngest, had spent two years in college. The plan had worked out very well. Jerry was the third sister to come to us—a delicately beautiful girl, whose soft, wistful face was haloed in golden hair. If one came upon her unexpectedly in chapel, one thought of the Blessed Virgin. Fortunately or unfortunately, Jerry had a greater intellectual hunger than any of her sisters. Not content with two years of college, she was determined to have four. Since she was a fine student, the nuns also wanted Jerry to complete her work. They helped her in the only way they could; that is, at the end of her sophomore year they promised her additional duties in the office and the library. During her junior year Jerry's grades did not decline as Mary Lou's had. Apparently she was able to manage office work, library work and school work with ease. In fact, no one worried about Jerry at all until she returned from the Easter holidays with a facial paralysis. The doctors said it was due to overwork. Week after week we watched her courageous crooked smile, hoping in the physician's assurance that with time the affliction would disappear. Jerry graduated fourteen months later, still showing no improvement. Too high a price to pay for an education, I thought ruefully, meditating on the few hundred dollars that could so easily have prevented the disaster.

Perhaps such cases are more common in the Middle

West than along the Atlantic seaboard. I do not know. Neither do I know how many Catholic boys and girls from eastern industrial centers are unable to go to college. However, statistics may give some light on the problem. 10,000,000, or more than one-third of all the Catholics in the United States, live in Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. This is twenty times as many Catholics as the combined Catholic populations of North and South Dakota, Wyoming and Nebraska; it is forty times as many as the combined Catholic populations of Mississippi, Georgia, Alabama and Florida. Although this means that there are fewer persons in our rural communities to be educated, it also means that the burdens are proportionately heavier. In the Middle West our colleges are poor; in the South they are rare. For many years to come Catholic higher education in rural America will be something of a problem.

It is possible that we have too often considered college education as a diocesan problem instead of a national one. Surely the diocese of North Carolina, with a Catholic population of 13,464 persons, cannot be expected to maintain a four-year liberal arts college richly endowed with scholarships. Yet young Catholics in North Carolina are as badly in need of higher education as those of New York. Is there any way in which they can be reached?

Once again, it seems to me, the problem can be solved, with the full cooperation of clergy and laity and the Holy Ghost. Let us pick any four large Catholic organizations: the Holy Name Society, the Catholic Daughters of America, the Knights of Columbus and the Sodality of Our Lady. I choose these merely because they are large and because the statistics of their membership are available. They have a combined membership of 4,000,000 men and women.

If each member were to pay just 10c per year into a National Catholic Educational Foundation, a fund would be created which at the end of the first year would amount to \$400,000. If that fund were invested to bring a return of only three per cent, at the end of one year the income from it would amount to \$12,000, or enough to provide full maintenance fellowships for twelve college students. At the end of ten years, at the same rate of interest, the income would provide maintenance for 120 students. At the end of twenty-five years, it would provide maintenance for 300 students, or nearly three full fellowships for every diocese in the country. In time, surely, other Catholic organizations would wish to contribute, and many members would give more than the minimum of ten cents. It is possible that, within the limits of a single generation, a college education could be guaranteed to every needy high-school graduate whose grades placed him or her in the upper ten per cent of their class.

This is not indiscriminate mass education. It is the most discriminating type of education possible, for it is highly selective. When enthusiasts tell you that we are the most literate nation in the world, do not believe them. In 1930, 16 per cent of our Negro population was illiterate, 10 per cent of our foreign born and one per cent

of our native whites. Five years later, 72 per cent of all persons on government relief were found to have received less than eight years of schooling. It is significant that in a nation of 139,000,000 people, no university exists whose enrollment is as large as were the enrollments of Oxford, or Paris or Bologna during the thirteenth century, although in the thirteenth century all Europe had a population of less than 15,000,000. Democracy is one ideal; culture is another. No one yet knows how compatible the two may be. At least, a church

The European peasant and world food

Otakar Kabelac

During the war, especially at its climax, it was repeatedly foretold that a world food crisis would develop once the shooting had stopped. Fortunately that crisis is not now as acute, or starvation as widespread, as was the case last winter and spring. There is point, however, in considering the relationship of the European farmer to the acute food shortage which is by no means ended in Europe nor in many other parts of the world.

In Europe, the sheer physical destruction of land and manpower was bound to contribute substantially to the shortage. All recognized that for one or two crop-seasons, at least, Europeans would not be able to produce the volume of food they had before the war. But once the initial work of reconstruction had gotten under way, it was confidently believed by many that the peasant farmers would return to their land in full force and once more produce the volume of food to which they had been accustomed. Everyone knew, of course, that great political and economic changes were inevitable, following the collapse of Germany. Few, however, paid sufficient attention to the psychological effects of the war and its consequences upon the rural population and the European peasantry. Yet the peasant farmers are the decisive element in the production of Europe's food supply. In many respects they are the key to the Continent's social structure.

Formerly Europe was the largest grain-producing area in the world, a fact often forgotten or misrepresented here in America. During the peaceful period of 1931-1935, Europe, exclusive of Russia, produced an annual average of 1,559,000,000 bushels of wheat. This was 34 per cent of the world total, 4,673,000,000 bushels. If the Soviet Union is included—during the same period it produced annually 953,000,000 bushels—Europe actually provided 54 per cent of the total world supply of wheat. The acreage devoted to wheat in Europe, including Soviet Russia, was 164,600,000 acres, which is 48.5 per cent of the 339,100,000-acre world total. From 1935 to 1939 wheat acreage in Russia alone increased nearly 20 per cent, with a proportionate increase in production. Most important of Europe's food grains is rye. Europe, Russia

of 23,000,000 members can afford to provide a college education for the indigent members of the upper ten per cent of its high-school graduates. It can do so even without cutting the budget—at the rate of a mere ten cents per year!

All that is needed to accomplish this end is organization, faith and will. The National Council of Catholic Women might well undertake such work for the education of young women, and the Holy Name Society for the education of young men.

"The peasant farmers are the decisive element in the production of Europe's food supply. In many respects they are the key to the Continent's social structure." Dr. Kabelac was First Secretary and Commercial Counselor of the Czechoslovak Legation in Washington for six and a half years.

excluded, in prewar years produced 905,000,000 bushels of rye, which is 50 per cent of the world total. Including the Soviet Union, rye-production amounted to 1,768,000,000 bushels, or 97 per cent of the rye crop for the whole world.

During the same 1931-1935 period the USSR actually grew annually 3,839,000,000 bushels of food grain—namely, wheat, rye, barley, oats, corn. The United States, in those years, produced annually 4,250,000,000 bushels of grain, of which 676,000,000 bushels were of wheat, 2,331,000,000 bushels of corn, and the rest barley, oats and rye.

Apart from Russia, the most important food-producing area of Europe is the Danubian territory—Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. These countries, together with Poland, during the 1931-1935 period produced 30 per cent of Europe's wheat, with a net export surplus of 36,500,000 bushels. Approximately the same percentage and surpluses apply to rye, barley, oats and corn.

This short statistical summary indicates that the European Continent was in peacetime practically self-sufficient as regards its food-grain supply. Any shortages which developed were for the most part the result of improper economic policies and the failure to distribute Danubian agricultural surpluses.

Against this background of potential agricultural plenty we must recall the progressive socialization of human and economic society. Both the demand and the need for more extensive socialization have their origin in the complexity and monopoly which characterize much of modern industrial life. The chief proponents of socialization, in its various degrees, will be found among those urban dwellers and workers most affected by the industrial revolution. Yet even today it is the highly individualistic peasant who forms the bulk of the European population and therefore has much to say about the future social structure, provided, of course, that new forms are not ruthlessly imposed from on top. In Central Europe the rural and peasant population amounts to 65 per cent of the total. This includes the countries of

Czechoslovakia, Austria, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Rumania. In Russia, Poland and the Baltic countries the rural, peasant population approaches 80 per cent of the whole. In Eastern Germany the rural peoples are a less dominant element, but even there they account for 50 per cent of the population.

The average European peasant—and I have in mind a type from Central Europe: Czech, Slovak, Pole, Ruthenian, Serbian, Croatian, Slovenian, Rumanian, Hungarian, Austrian, German—represents a stable element which in many respects developed in a way different from other classes of people. Without regard to his nationality, he definitely continues to be the biblical man of the soil, who has his roots in the earth which he tends.

In America and England the yeomanry died out with the industrial revolution, or rather never existed in the same sense as in continental Europe. The American farmer is spiritually suburban and in practice carries out his farming as industry. Seldom does he enjoy the direct benefit of his own products. He prefers rather to sell them and then to buy what he needs in the grocery stores of a nearby town. Only a relatively few amateur or part-time farmers and victory gardeners are returning to the original idea of agriculture. This return has been largely an emergency measure and under different cultural conditions. We may rightly question its stability or at least must admit that we have here a new thing, a good thing, but decidedly different from European peasant life. In America, too, the villages—and consequently village life—to a large extent follow the urban pattern. What we see, with few exceptions, are small fragments of great cities which are scattered around the countryside of the nation.

Up to the present we have had in the European peasant a replica of the eternal man, untouched by most of the culture which developed in the cities, the most conservative, individualistic and yet the most religious element in human society. He antedates modern culture; he has survived the cultures of generations past. Instinctively he opposes progress conceived in the cities, whether it be in the matter of statecraft, in economics, religion, science, art. He receives them all distrustfully and hesitantly and, if he does accept them he is seldom altered thereby. Should you remove him from the pressure of urban existence, he would readily revert to his former mode of living, without feeling that he had lost anything. His real ethic and metaphysic lie outside the record of general written history, and in many instances have no history at all.

With all his limitations, the European peasant has become the element in society which keeps it stable and with feet on the earth. He has a definitely reverential attitude toward the creative forces of nature, which he has learned to fear and respect. God, the Creator and Preserver, is to him above and beyond the changing material world in which men live. He recognizes that human life is ultimately dependent upon the ability of the earth to produce under the guiding hand of man. Beyond the grave and after death comes a life in which reward and punishment are meted out according to one's good or

bad deeds upon earth. Thus the traditional peasant acts as a spiritual leaven in society, even though his speculations about the soul-life are, in general, quite definitely limited.

Politically, the European peasant is in a specific class, distinct from the bourgeois, professional or industrial classes in the population. The average peasant comprehends intricate currents in politics as little as he grasps speculative distinctions. He is a political evolutionist, seldom a revolutionist. He outlived feudalism and serfdom and has his own ideas about the formation of human society, always based on the laws of God as he sees them, but certainly apart from socialism, fascism, nazism, communism. It is the city people who try to implant these political and economic theories upon the peasant's mind, not vice versa. Ultimately any political system must break if it is in opposition to the peasant. The peasants are well aware that they are independent of the cities, whereas the cities must depend upon them. An effective peasant strike means shortage of food and this in turn means the rise of a major crisis in any political system.

After the Russian Revolution of 1917, the countries of East and Central Europe immediately introduced sweeping land reforms. The lands of the nobles and the crown were partitioned in favor of those who cultivated them. The Czechoslovak, Polish, Rumanian, Yugoslav and Bulgarian land reforms were very advanced and comprehensive. It is noteworthy that Germany and Hungary, which refused to partition the land, and East Prussia, with its huge Junker estates, became the special breeding grounds for national socialism.

These land reforms had a salutary effect upon the European peasantry and the rural population in general. Standards of living were raised to a level somewhat near that of other parts of the population. This brought to the peasantry a new class—and political—consciousness. Under the influence of socialistic parties, serious attempts were made to establish collective farms, on the pattern of the Russian *kolkhoz*. Nearly all of them had later to be closed and repartitioned among the various members, as they could not stand the competition of individual farmers.

The Russian peasant, who until 1917 formed up to 85 per cent of the population, has a different social background from his peasant colleagues in other parts of Europe. From the early days of the formation and organization of primitive Russian family tribes, the Russian peasant has lived in communities known as *Mir*. Living in *Mir* represents an economic system midway between hereditary private property and pure communism, denying the rights of individual farmers to private holdings in land. Actually the land was owned by crown, nobles and Church, while the private property rights of peasants extended only to house, cattle and their household belongings.

It should be emphatically noted that the Russians were unable to go through with the revolutionary changes and land reforms which took place in most other European countries at the end of the eighteenth and during the

nineteenth centuries. The Bolshevik revolution was, therefore, the violent counterpart of the great revolutions which in the period 1789-1860 had changed the entire social background of Europe. The Russian revolution assumed extraordinary proportions because it aimed to accomplish at the same time all the social and economic changes effected during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The Marxian influence, moreover, was present. Lenin, who built his theories and plans for scientific communism upon the ideas of Marx and Lassalle, adjusted them to his practical experience of the *Mir*, a fact which he admits in his writings. The 1917 revolution confiscated all land and vested the title in the nation. Individual property holdings were entirely abolished. The peasants, especially the *kulaks* or peasants with larger holdings, were compelled by force or persuasion to leave their little properties and were made members of large collective farms, *kolkhoz*, organized on the pattern of the *Mir*. Thus the Russian peasants were kept out of the stream of economic developments which took place throughout the rest of Europe after World War I.

Following the first World War the overseas countries, the United States, Canada, Australia and Argentina, continued to produce food on a huge scale. Production schedules, acreage, equipment had all been raised by the wartime demand. Once the war was over, surpluses mounted up and were dumped upon the international market. This had a disastrous effect upon the agricultural economy of the European countries. The results were most harmful in the newly created Danubian countries of Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria. Countries like Poland, dependent upon food exports to maintain trade balances, also suffered and could not meet financial obligations. This upsetting of the European economic balance and the disruption of agriculture went a long way toward conditioning people for the Hitlerite Germany. The Danubian countries leaned more and more upon Germany economically, since she was the only industrialized country which, by reason of geographical location and need, was willing to take their agricultural surpluses.

The whole situation, well known as the "International Battle of Wheat," did much to alienate Central Europeans from the idea of international cooperation. Economic pressure from overseas led to growing economic nationalism, while unsound tariff policies in Europe itself strengthened the trend. Strong agrarian political parties were a logical outcome of the struggle. These parties often embraced the majority of the rural population. They tried desperately to keep the prices of agricultural products on a parity with industrial materials, chiefly by eliminating competition through tariff walls and export subsidies. The "Green International" of the Bulgarian peasant leader Stambolisky, formed in opposition to the International of the Proletariat, was a cooperative union of peasant political parties in the Danubian countries. It was one of the last attempts to find a solution for agricultural surpluses in a plan which it was hoped the Western democratic countries, France, England and the grain-exporting nations, would approve. The scheme

failed. The result was a growing dependence of the region upon Germany and Italy, the only countries willing to absorb the surpluses from the Danube basin. This bit of economic history explains much of the readiness of certain groups in Central European and Balkan countries to accept Hitler.

The Germans knew how much they depended upon the peasants in feeding the war machine. Hence they usually treated the farmers differently from the rest of the population. Except for the battlefields of Poland and the Ukraine, the peasants were left undisturbed in most ways; their farms were kept up and even their livestock provided for. The result of the understanding treatment of most peasants by the Germans could be seen up to the time the Red Army overran these areas in 1944. In most cases the food-distribution and production systems were still functioning, even for the civilian populations.

Europe today has lost her old position as arbiter of Western civilization, a position she held for two thousand years. Squeezed between two powerful continental colossi, Europe has become the testing ground for the postwar international world. Both Russian and American agricultural life and economy are alien to the peasant way of living. In fear of the future and jealous of his land, the European peasant will not react favorably to socialization of agriculture. He resents limitations upon his political and religious rights. Already he is beginning to apply his only weapon of defense, one which he has learned from his new boss, the international Communist, namely the strike. Under the collective-farm plan the profit motive, so successful during the war in getting increased food production, is gone. The peasant reacts by limiting his production to what is necessary or to what government compulsion requires of him. The new collectivist farms of Europe are no more successful today than they were after the First World War. The very small landholders, who for the most part take over the plots of newly distributed land, cannot hope to produce the quantities previously reached by the middle-size farmers. These middle-size farmers before the war formed the backbone of Europe's food supply.

In the political division of Europe, the granary of the Danubian countries has fallen within the Russian sphere of influence. The Soviets will use food export as a political weapon, we can be sure. Consequently Western Europe, including Germany and Italy, must either be subservient or else depend upon food imports from overseas. It is doubtful whether even the Russian tactics will succeed in getting the peasants to produce for purely political purposes or if the farms are to be progressively collectivized. Hence a new international economic situation is in the making. It has not been sufficiently foreseen in the calculations of the postwar planners or even by the peacemakers. Yet the food-producing capacities of Europe, and the nature and temper of the Central European peasant, must be taken into account. The food shortage is here to stay, and the United States will have to pay in food, and probably in a lowered standard of living, for surrendering the European granary to the Communists.

Literature & Art

Chanting to the Lord

John LaFarge, S.J.

Every now and then, just to liven up our monotonous ways, some very reasonably troubled soul explodes on the subject of hymns and church music, as did Duncan Buchanan in a paper, *Cantate Domino* (AMERICA, Aug. 10). And whenever this happens, you may expect a reply to appear on this topic, either calm or equally explosive, as witness the two contributors to our Correspondence page in this issue.

It is not my intention further to embroil the matter with a discussion either of Duncan Buchanan's article or of the views of its critics. I am merely taking the occasion—which they have all kindly handed to me—to note a few points in this connection which do appear to clarify the matter for my own mind, in the hope that these thoughts may be of assistance to others. It thus seems to me that much argument might be spared if some of these ideas were quietly kept in sight.

First of all, let us get rid of the fallacy (which Father Gillis says he finds so annoying) that to praise one thing means necessarily to cast a slur upon something else. Indeed St. Ignatius Loyola, who was a very good Catholic, and much more liturgical-minded than he is often given credit for being, marks the habit of praising everything good in the practice of church worship as one of the signs that one is "thinking with the Church."

Why, then, should there be contradiction between the claims of the chant and the claims of other forms of church music, whether these be hymns or whether they be modern musical settings of the liturgy? It seems to me that what gives rise to such an apparent contradiction is the confusion, or the fusion into one, of two quite different questions. One of these concerns the Church's ideal in the way that the singing is to be conducted. The other deals with the type of music which, in the Church's ideal, should actually be used.

I am purposely speaking in both these instances about ideals, not about strict obligations, simply because I believe that when people are clear in their minds as to what is the ideal, even if they don't see their way to fulfilling it here and now, they will find it much easier to agree upon what are actually the obligations.

In answer to the first of these two questions, viz., *how the singing at Mass and other services is to be conducted*, it certainly is safe to say that the Church (of the Latin Rite) has a wonderfully simple, logical and in itself practical plan. This plan is most reasonable, and leaves ample room for individual initiative, if so desired. Un-

"It is the chant, more than any observance outside the rubrical ceremonies, which binds our worship to the whole antiquity of Christendom . . . the same chant is the common meeting ground for all of the Catholics of our faith and our rite in every country of the world today."

fortunately, owing to all kinds of historic circumstances—one of which was the age-long persecution of the Church in Ireland and England—this plan came in great part to be abandoned. The congregation became outwardly an attendant or spectator, rather than a participant. Yet it has always been a most Catholic thing that we should share *outwardly* as well as *inwardly* in the official and public worship of the Church. By its very nature our liturgical worship is communal and social, not purely individual. This plan may be summed up thus:

1. At Mass the *celebrant* sings certain parts, which are reserved to him as a soloist, with the addition of one or two items which are sung by the Deacon and the Sub-deacon, also as soloists.

2. Certain parts, which do not change from day to day, are to be sung in Latin by the *entire congregation* (men, women and children). These are called the Common of the Mass: the *Kyrie, Gloria, Sanctus, Credo* and *Agnus Dei*; and answers to some of the versicles chanted by the soloist priest (*Et cum Spiritu tuo, Amen*, etc.).

3. Other parts, which change from day to day, and are called the *Proprium* or Proper of the Mass, are supposed to be sung by the choir or *schola* (of men and boys). Such are the Introit, Gradual or Tract, Offertory, Communion anthem, etc. Owing to their changing nature, these need the services of a trained choir.

For Vespers and Compline, as well as the Holy Week services and some other features of Catholic worship, a similar distribution is the ideal.

What, then, of the *type of music* to be sung?

1. The celebrant, as soloist, has no choice at all. He is strictly bound to use the traditional "ritual" music of the Church, commonly called the chant. Even if people would just throng to the church, so as to hear Father Boniface's gorgeous tenor intoning the Preface or the *Pater Noster* according to an exquisite Italian aria, Father Boniface has no choice at all in the matter. He must stick to the ancient chant, and the chant alone.

2. When the congregation sing the Common of the Mass (*Kyrie, Gloria*, etc.), they are not under *obligation* to use the chant. They may sing the Common to any approved musical setting, which means, of course, that it must be good music, simple and dignified. Insisting upon congregational singing of the Common, as the Church's obvious ideal, does not therefore necessarily mean insistence upon the use of the chant for that purpose. But the chant has a value for that purpose, *on its*

own merit, not because of any legislation, which I shall mention presently.

3. The same applies to the singing of the Proper, the changing parts of the Mass. I have heard the Proper sung by a seminarians' choir, in a cathedral, set to a very fine, simple musical tune. Rather than be wholly omitted, it may even be sung in monotone. Whether this is a practical or desirable idea is another matter.

Finally, on many occasions when the chant is not prescribed, the singing of good, standard hymns is entirely appropriate and ideal: for instance, before and after church services, or in various kinds of devotions.

There are, therefore, three distinct goals at which we shall evidently aim, if we wish to see the services of the Church restored to their full liturgical and social beauty.

The first, and much the most important, is that the people and the choir shall each perform their proper function at Mass, as the priest performs his, in the matter of singing; instead of the inverted arrangement, where the people are silent and the choir elaborates the Common of the Mass, to good music or bad. May I suggest that all those who wish to know what congregational Mass-singing (as well as the popular use of the chant) can mean in the saving of souls and for the universality of the Church, should read the article entitled "The Story of a Negro Parish" in *Orate Fratres* for June 16, 1946, reproduced, in condensed form, in the *Catholic Digest* for August of this year.

The second goal is the elimination of poorly conceived, musically and poetically defective hymns, as Duncan Buchanan so earnestly advocates. And thirdly, which is a matter to be judged quite independently of the two preceding, let the Church's plane chant be known, practised and esteemed for the enormously important, lovely and potentially popular heritage of Catholic culture that it really is.

Concerning the hymns, may I say a word of explanation with regard to what I wrote in *AMERICA* in 1929 contrasting the *Te Deum* and "Holy God." The example of "Holy God," I admit now, was not so well chosen, since that melody is definitely not of the weak and sloppy variety, but is one of the finest old hymn-tunes sung in any language. And the words are beyond criticism, at least if we sing the final verse instead of the second, when only two verses are sung. It is a popular abbreviation of the *Te Deum*. But I used this rather drastic language because I was pleading for the restoration of the *Te Deum* itself, once a common possession of Catholics in every country of the Latin Rite (with its corresponding and popular chant in the Eastern Rites, such as the Slavonic *Molieben*.)

As for the chant, let me merely note briefly the following, with the intention of returning perhaps to the thesis more fully one day, if the Literary Editor permits.

The plane chant of the Latin Church—Gregorian and the older Ambrosian (such as the *Te Deum*)—is, after all, the Church's own. It is our ritual music. That the Church, as a wise mother, only *imposes* the chant upon certain functions or persons, as upon the celebrant at Mass, does not lessen the weight of her approval and

recommendation of the chant as something to be voluntarily cherished and cultivated. We cannot forget, furthermore, that only a small fraction of the Church's entire liturgy, such as the antiphons and Proper, is set to any kind of music except the ritual music or chant.

The chant is a heritage which we cannot lightly pass over or treat as a mere museum piece. It is the chant, more than any observance outside of the rubrical ceremonies, which binds our worship to the whole antiquity of Christendom, to the catacombs, even to the Temple of the Old Testament. And the same chant is the common meeting ground for all Catholics of our Faith and of our rite (by far the greater number) in every country of the world today. This is particularly true of its simpler forms, such as the Church's own setting for the *Gloria* and the *Credo* at Mass, or the *Te Deum* just mentioned.

If we wish to take part in one great common, Eucharistic sacrifice with the Catholics, let us say, of all the western hemisphere, from Canada to Mexico and Argentina, we must know how to sing the simple chant of the Church's Common. Those peoples, in great part, can sing the chant where we, with our stiff, Anglo-Saxon inhibitions, are dumbly silent. But our Church is not an Anglo-Saxon Church; it is the Church of the entire human race. Any ordinary little rural church in French Canada can put us in this country quite to shame, on either count: the joyful ease with which the congregation sings the plane-chant Common; the skill with which the little choir or *schola* renders the intricacies of the Proper.

Finally, as the just-mentioned French-Canadian example will show, the chant is by no means so lacking in popular appeal as some timid souls would make it out to be, particularly the syllabic forms of the chant, made expressly for popular singing. Popularity in music, especially in devotional or liturgical music, is much more a matter of association than we commonly imagine. I have as yet to hear anybody objecting to the melody of the Preface or the *Pater Noster* at Mass as not being sufficiently popular, or recommending that they be set to some 6-4 air. Indeed, we would be deeply shocked at such a performance.

Quite pragmatically, I can assert that when the opportunity is afforded to the average intelligent Catholic layman really to know and familiarize himself with the chant, he will often learn deeply to love it. And whether he does or not, the mere fact that the chant is loved and cherished by the worldwide body of Catholic lay people in the older and in the mission countries as well, is ample reason why we can and should make some effort in its regard.

Why, then, so much reluctance, so much sensitiveness, so much impatience when the chant is mentioned? The fact that some may have made this or that excessive claim is no reason for passing over claims that are fully reasonable and just. The chant of the Church, along with the social worship of the Church, is a mighty instrument in forging the expression of the Church's unity, which we sorely need in an age of worldwide assault on Christianity. Let us not be unappreciative of what the ages have treasured for us.

Books

Such As the World Can't Give

JOY

By Georges Bernanos. Pantheon. 297p. \$2.75

For a long time after finishing this powerful but somewhat obscure novel, I was puzzled by the title. The book is most certainly not a joyful book in the sense of being filled with sweetness and light and ending on a note of anticipation of happy days ahead. The whole story is rather pitched in the key of those remarks we make at funerals, when, with all the faith and sincerity in the world, and yet with a realization of the surface unreality of our words, we wish for the bereaved a grasping of the deep joy that can and does underlie Christian suffering.

To put it another way, this sober tale is a study in that portion of the Sermon of the Mount which promises a crown of joy to those who mourn. It is a meditation on the Christian paradox of light-hearted, gay, childlike simplicity combined with, welded into, a knowledge deeper, more profound, more terrifying than all the worldly learning there is—a knowledge of what God's love means and what sin, therefore, means.

Chantal de Clergerie is the protagonist. She is the young daughter of a good, though childishly vain and pretentious father. In the manor in which they live are the girl's seemingly crazy grandmother, various solid and sensible servants, and the sinister character of the Russian chauffeur. Various more or less distinguished visitors come and go, among them a brilliant priest, who has long lost the faith, largely through intellectual pride, but who has kept the secret to himself. The story is wholly that of the differing reactions of these persons to the holiness of the young girl.

For Chantal is a person specially favored by God. She is the recipient of many extraordinary spiritual favors, though, under the wise guidance of a saintly priest, she has never looked on herself as anything but the simplest and most unnoticeable of all God's children. It is this limpid unpretentiousness which sets in train all the tangled developments of the story. Her father

finds himself confused and puzzled by her, not realizing that her candor of soul is a constant challenge from God for him to give over his pettiness and whining. The Russian servant is goaded by her purity of heart to revulsion against her, tragically, as well as against himself. The apostate priest is shaken from his pride by her immolation. The profound joy that God gives to uncomplex, simple souls radiates from Chantal; she is buoyed up by peace; others, in that (to them) puzzling aura, grow cold, are estranged.

That, as I see it, is the meaning of the story, which, as I have suggested, is difficult reading. It is not hard as far as the style, the development of the episodes are concerned; the difficulty lies in untangling the purpose and meaning of it all. However, if for no other reason, though a comprehension of the whole may be a task, there are, as always in Bernanos' novels, flashes of spiritual insight, gnomic statements on the supernatural life, that repay laying the book down and meditating a while. Such, to quote but one, is Chantal's reply to her confessor:

I am not resigned. Resignation is sad. How can one be resigned to the will of God? Does one resign oneself to being loved?

This novel, as I had occasion to remark last week in the article, *Literature's Supreme Role*, is of the French school which loves to delve into the psychology of sanctity. Many will not like the introspective cast of the story; it is not a novel of exterior action; it is austere and rather somber in tone. But it is a thoughtful and moving work which delves deep into the problem of the joy of the saints amid the heedlessness and even hostility of the world.

HAROLD C. GARDINER

Dooms Day or New World?

DAWN OVER ZERO

By William L. Laurence. Knopf. 274p. \$3

When the War Department chose Mr. Laurence as the only newspaperman who would see the atomic energy plants, the first test of the bomb in New Mexico and the actual atomic bombing of Nagasaki, they made a choice which few readers of *Dawn Over Zero* will dissent from. He handles with equal skill and readability the scientific exposition of atomic theory, the description of technical processes used

in releasing atomic energy, the thrilling story of the destruction of the Norsk Hydro heavy-water plant by Norwegian commandos, the no less thrilling race, with its hopes and fears, its successes and setbacks, which the scientists ran against time and the enemy scientists, the description-defying scenes at Alamogordo (the "Zero" where the atomic dawn burst over the world) and Nagasaki; and he sums up with rare balance the possibilities and limitations of peaceful uses of atomic-fission products.

One feels in his descriptions of the actual explosions the straining of human language to express what the human senses had never before experienced. At Alamogordo,

It was a sunrise such as the world had never seen, a great green super-sun climbing in a fraction of a second to a height of more than eight thousand feet. . . . Up it went, a great ball of fire about a mile in diameter, changing colors as it kept shooting upward, from deep purple to orange, expanding, growing bigger, rising as it expanded, an elemental force freed from its bonds after being chained for billions of years.

At Nagasaki, he watched the fiery pillar

. . . shoot upward like a meteor coming from the earth instead of from outer space, becoming ever more alive as it climbed skyward through the white clouds. It was no longer smoke or dust, or even a cloud of fire. It was a living thing, a new species of being, born right before our incredulous eyes. . . .

The mushroom top was even more alive than the pillar, seething and boiling in a white fury of creamy foam, sizzling upward and then descending earthward, a thousand geysers rolled into one.

It is a part of Mr. Laurence's skill that in their context these passages are not purple patches, but manage to convey some of the awe that the actual spectacle induced.

For my money, Mr. Laurence could take over the teaching of physics in any liberal-arts college in the country. Having myself been carefully indoctrinated in the difference between shunt-wound and compound-wound armatures and been exposed to a proof for the formula for lenses which I suspect was invalid, I found myself thinking that what was wrong with science textbooks was that they were written by scientists, not by teachers. Mr. Laurence may not be a scientist, but

he is a teacher. His expositions of atomic theory and processes are not made for merely casual reading; but with a little attention they are clear and enlightening.

The international spy who gets hold of *Dawn Over Zero* will soon realize that when he lays his plans for stealing our atomic secrets they had better include a few ten-ton trucks to carry the blue-prints. This is no job for the glamour-girl with microfilms under her permanent waves. The visitor to the gaseous-diffusion plant, for instance,

... hears a roar from behind the massive walls and is informed that it is the sound of molecules of a gaseous uranium compound racing through a barrier that separates the U. 235 from the U. 238. The barrier, he learns, is an entirely new product that never existed before. It contains myriads of holes, each no larger than two fifths of a millionth of an inch. Casually he is told that this barrier consists of

nearly ten thousand miles of porous tubing, encased in more than a million cubic feet of equipment, practically none of which existed before the war.

And then he finds out that the entire system of more than a million cubic feet is operating in a vacuum.

The plant is controlled by "gadgets upon gadgets, each performing a special job and recording its findings on a special control panel." To visit every control panel on one floor of the plant would mean a ten-mile walk.

In his last chapter Mr. Laurence poses briefly the question that is vexing the world today. At Alamogordo, the first atomic explosion was, to a scientist, Dr. Kistiakowski, "the nearest thing to Doomsday." To the author of *Dawn Over Zero* it meant the birth of a new world. "Which one of us was right?" he asks. "That again is for the inhabitants of this new world to decide."

CHARLES KEENAN

Topicalizing Utopia

NOWHERE WAS SOMEWHERE.
HOW HISTORY MAKES UTOPIAS
AND HOW UTOPIAS MAKE HISTORY

By Arthur E. Morgan. University of North Carolina. 234p. \$2.50

Huxley's *Brave New World* brought home to us the fact that Nowhere (Utopia is doggerel Greek for Nowhere) was not necessarily Nowhereable. Now TWA's and Antioch College's Dr. Morgan attempts to prove that Nowhere was actually Somewhere, the somewhere in question being Peru's Inca Empire before Pizarro, and that More had the tale from a flesh-and-blood voyager, most probably a Portuguese. In the case of evidence such as this each reader must make up his own mind. I must confess that, before seeing the book itself, I read the very excellent review in the daily New York Times and at that point was inclined to dismiss the theory as a pleasant but over-ingenious crotchet. Now I am not so sure. For Dr. Morgan has made out a most plausible case for his thesis' intrinsic probability.

As a sociological thinker Dr. Morgan continues to stand on firm ground. He asks the proper questions and does not blink the price that men have paid and will continue to pay for their utopias. He reduces the essential query

to "not whether such a utopia is possible, but whether it is desirable." He quotes, without comment, the wry remark of a reader of Bellamy's *Looking Backward*: "It is slavery, but it's worth it." One finds oneself agreeing with and dissenting from Dr. Morgan in almost equal proportions: a most exhilarating experience. And then, lo and behold, this brilliantly wrong-headed book takes a most annoying turn from the point of view of a Catholic and from the point of view of objective truth and intellectual fair play.

It becomes a distressing mélange of genuinely scientific anthropology, elementary literary criticism, amateur comparative religionism, and old-line militant Protestantism. The face of the Puritan peeps out from behind the mask of the planner; and the Manichean from behind the Puritan. There occurs an implication in the final chapter, "Beyond Utopia," that to "take away interest in food and sex" might not be a bad thing; which God forbid! That bloodless ectoplasmic revenant, "primitive democratic religion," floats dolefully across the scene pursued by the shrieking Hallowe'en goblin of "the Roman Empire, taking on the mantle of the Christian faith, in the guise of an authoritative religion." Christ dwindles to a "great prophet," and the Lord's Prayer declines into: "Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done, in reality as it is in Utopia."

This sort of thing is huge, to quote

Leacock's thwarted Hoodoo McFiggins on Christmas morning. But more is to follow. Erasmus is described as "a young Dutch student, who was to go down in history as one of the great minds of his age." A great humanist personality, certainly, and an even greater wit, but hardly a great mind. Again, Dr. Morgan equates *Utopia* with the *Civitas Dei*, as if the urbane play instinct or socio-political satire of the English saint had much to do, except obliquely, with the Apocalyptic perceptions of the African Doctor. But there are two crowning indignities still to come.

First, Dr. Morgan knows *Utopia* in a certain sense, if not fully as Hollis and Chambers know that subtle masterpiece. (He nowhere adverts, for example, to More's measured sad conclusion, so delicately implied, that Utopias are undoubtedly realizable, but inadequate to man's nature, given his supernatural destiny.) But he knows not More, neither as humanist nor saint, else he would never refer to God's Englishman, the man who was at once possibly the most representative European as well as Englishman of his age, the mellow personality who sums up the balanced best of the English Renaissance, as a reactionary who came to oppose "the English spirit. . . . of *Piers Plowman*." And it is certainly neither just nor true to allude sneeringly to "those who prepared the 'build-up' for his canonization."

But most serious of all, when he lumps together Isaiah, Christ, Buddha, Atlantis and the "folk tales, common all the way from Arabia to Ireland, of a mystical land in the West where a good society once prevailed" he ignores a grave folk-knowledge deeper than that of the comparative religionists, a wisdom which, in Chesterton's words, tells us "the paradox of Christianity: that we can only really understand all myths when we know that one of them is true."

CHARLES A. BRADY

LOVE FROM LONDON

By Gilbert W. Gabriel. Macmillan. 314p. \$2.50

This is a little story of American soldiers in London during the days of the "buzz-bomb." It tells how Corporal José Kort of Texas, Master Sergeant John Howe Wells of Boston and Lieutenant Leif Sorrensen of Norway, all fell in love with little Dria Mendoza,

America's September Book Log

10

best selling books

These books are reported by the stores below as having the best sales during the current month. The popularity is estimated both by the frequency with which the book is mentioned and by its relative position in the report.

- 1 TOO SMALL A WORLD. By Theodore Maynard. BRUCE. \$2.50
- 2 EDMUND CAMPION. By Evelyn Waugh. LITTLE, BROWN. \$2.75
- 3 MOST WORTHY OF ALL PRAISE. By Vincent McCorry, S.J. MCMULLEN. \$2
- 4 PREFACE TO RELIGION. By Fulton J. Sheen. KENEDY. \$2.50
- 5 LIGHT OF STARS. By Evelyn Voss Wise. BRUCE. \$2.50
- 6 ROAD FROM OLIVET. By Edward Murphy. BRUCE. \$2.50
- 7 THE DIVINE PITY. By Gerald Vann, O. P. SHEED AND WARD. \$2.50
- 8 I CHOSE FREEDOM. By Victor Kravchenko. SCRIBNER. \$3.50
- 9 MYSTIC IN MOTLEY. By Theodore Maynard. BRUCE. \$2.50
- 10 TRUTHS MEN LIVE BY. By J. A. O'Brien. MACMILLAN. \$2.75

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The asterisk indicates that the book has appeared in the Book-Log's monthly report.

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Vernon J. Bourke
Bruce Publishing Co.
10. Marriage and the Family
Jacques Leclercq
Frederick Pustet Co.

CLUB SELECTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER

The Catholic Book Club:

Women of the Pharisees
Francis Mauriac
Holt. \$2.50

The Spiritual Book Associates:

The Darkness is Passed
Thomas H. Moore, S.J.
McMullen. \$2

Catholic Children's Book Club:

PICTURE BOOK GROUP:

The Biggety Chameleon
Edith Pope; ill. Dorothy G. Rider
Scribners. \$1.50

The Kitten Stand

Elizabeth Costworth; ill. Katherine Keeler
Grosset. 50 cents

INTERMEDIATE GROUP:

Star Mountain and Other Legends of Mexico

Camilla Campbell; ill. Eva McKinney
Whittlesey. \$2.50

OLDER BOYS:

The Hidden Treasure of Glaston
Eleanore M. Jewett
Viking. \$2.50

OLDER GIRLS:

Gateway
Amelia Elizabeth Walden
Morrow. \$2.50

a refugee from Gibraltar. Also involved are Corporal Trygve Sorrensen, Leif's American cousin from Minnesota, and Mr. and Mrs. Blech, a Jewish couple from Hungary who opened a restaurant in London. The Americans were quartered in what had once been stately homes fronting on dignified Adelaide Square, and patrolling the Square as a constable for the duration, was old Reginald Lightly, well-known British actor. Much of the story is told as Lightly remembers it and as he relates it after the war to an American lady of the Red Cross. She had written to ask him what happened in Adelaide Square to affect young José Kort so profoundly that, now in an American military hospital, he is recovering too slowly though he frequently mutters Mr. Lightly's name.

Though not very much actually happens, and though the principal characters strike the reader as types rather than individuals—the independent Texan, the snobbish Bostonian—and though books about wartime London are not exactly a novelty, yet there is something about this little novel which holds the interest and remains in the memory. It may be the fresh twist

Mr. Gabriel gives his subject. Or it may be his mannered, rhythmic style with its fondness for compound words—as witness this typical sentence: "This was the Thames and these its thousands, and the thousand voices and boat noises, boot-shuffles, laughs, tootles, oar-creak, song-snatch, sounds which the waterside always gathers and carries, drains."

Mr. Gabriel seems to stress almost too persistently the evil and folly of racial intolerance, pounding home in long speeches what might have been more subtly implied. But it may be that such treatment of this important topic is necessary to bring it to the attention of some readers.

MARY BURKE HOWE

ASTON KINGS

By Humphrey Pakington. Norton. 285p. \$2.75

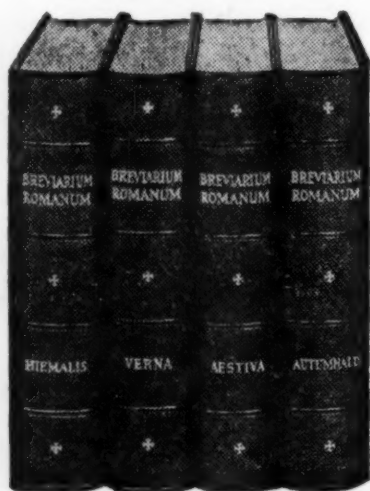
Mr. Pakington's gentle, satirical vignettes of English country life at the end of the last century have been compared with the work of Jane Austen, Trollope, Saki and Angela Thirkell.

Of all these possible influences *Aston Kings* seems most consciously modeled on Jane Austen's novels. The mood and tone, the dry, unexpected turn of wording from flat reporting to stilettoed satire, the concern with quiet country life, the one humorous, vital, sensible character, the heroine and her love story—all these are ingredients of an Austen novel. The chief difference, apart from an obviously less skilful touch—Mr. Pakington's humor is often farcical—lies in the fact that *Aston Kings* is hardly, as its dust-jacket proclaims, a novel. It is rather a series of sketches about the Wargraves of Aston Kings and their numerous relatives and acquaintances, held together somewhat tenuously by the romance of Kate Wargrave and John Markham.

Mr. Pakington writes delightfully, however, and he gives us "Severnshire," surely his own Worcestershire, and the dignified, often stupid, yet often admirable life of its country gentry during the late Victorian and Edwardian periods. The story begins with the birth of a daughter, Kate, to Canon and Mrs. Wargrave in London in 1882, recounts the change brought about in the family's life by the Canon's in-

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heriting the estate of Aston Kings, and ends with Kate's wedding day. Canon Wargrave himself is a particularly felicitous character, fussy, pompous, self-important, often mistaken, but basically genuine and sound. His wife is a delightful, efficient woman, and her feud with her sister-in-law, Eliza, provides amusing situations. Winifred Wargrave, the sister who was not clever, and her attempts to find a career; Lady Gaunt of Bolam Verney, who spends her life working on ecclesiastical vestments and dreams of ever more elaborate designs for the products of her zeal; and Julia Bayley, type of the completely incompetent English gentlewoman, are all hilariously done.

And throughout the whole pattern of calm, solid living the author weaves in the poignant levelness of the English countryside. Sometimes it is in ironic contrast with the pettiness of human affairs, sometimes in tune with human goodness and happiness. The Midland landscape, with its muted tones, which Mr. Pakington loves as home (and which once was home to this reviewer, who thus can vouch from the heart for the authenticity of his drawing) is not the least of the elements making up a work, in characteristic English tradition, at once critical and nostalgic.

JOSEPHINE NICHOLLS HUGHES

THEME AND VARIATIONS

By Bruno Walter. Knopf. 344p. \$5

In this excellent autobiography of a superb musician Bruno Walter has also graphically pictured events in Europe and America as they have unfolded before him during the seventy years of his life.

This serious person, so evidently born for music, gives as his natal day Sept. 15, 1876, in Berlin, Germany. His parents were middle-class Jews, in comfortable circumstances, both gentle and cultured—his mother being especially inclined towards all that was musical. Peace and kindness prevailed in his modest home, and every encouragement was given to him in his study of music. When he was only twelve, he made his first appearance as a pianist with the Philharmonic Orchestra. Not long after, upon hearing Hans von Bülow conduct the orchestra, he decided to become a conductor, and towards that goal he directed all the energy of his talented nature.

In Carnegie Hall, New York, in March, 1944, Bruno Walter celebrated his golden jubilee as a conductor. He had appeared in every capital in Europe and many large cities in America and had won deserved recognition for his sincere and superlative musicianship in concert and in opera.

His utter dedication to music did not shut out world happenings, nor prevent heart-break and tragedies in two wars. Yet he was convinced that great music should transcend all barriers of race and nationality, and his experience proved him to be correct, as he was received in enemy countries in both wars. In 1938 he was invited to become a citizen of France. "Doors and hearts were opened wherever I went. Two weeks after my arrival in Paris I was a French citizen."

Bruno Walter, thorough musician though he is, has led a full, well-rounded life. His fine mind sought balance in other fields—in literature and art, in the keen observance of wide travel, in deep, lasting friendships, in truly beautiful family relationships and in a profound spiritual sense. His attitude is kindly towards all.

His book is not only a story of his personal struggles and achievements, but it is, as well, a history of Europe in war and peace. His recollections of the musical capital before 1914 are priceless—that wonderful world of Vienna, Rome, Paris and Bayreuth, the world of the classicists, as well as of Wagner, Bruckner, Schönberg; and most of all of Gustav Mahler, the great friend who influenced and encouraged him, for many years.

The ten years he spent in Munich, (from his thirty-sixth to his forty-sixth years) he regards as his happiest; of them, he says:

No wonder that they appear to me today so flourishing, beautiful and happy when I think that in spite of war and revolution and political reconstruction I still lived in a world in which literature and music, science and humanity, maintained their ordained place, a world in which the Ten Commandments and human conscience still exercised their age-old sovereign authority, in short, a world in which people, though they lied, hated and killed, did so with a consciousness of wrong, and in which they were permitted to respect, love and help with the consciousness of right. That was the world in which our music and the great creations of the human mind had come into existence.

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The Word

ZENO, THE GREEK PHILOSOPHER, is supposed once to have gone to the oracle to inquire how he might become a wise man. According to the story, the oracle replied with admirable brevity and sagacity: "Ask the dead." A Christian statement of the same pungent wisdom is Augustine's suggestion that we should take death for our teacher. Truly many a dying man, in the flickering of the blessed candle he holds with melting grip, sees more clearly than ever he did in the meridian peak of his healthiest day. The pity of it is that all too many, under the impact of that belated revelation, review their lives with regret and lament that, if they had them to live over again, their sense of values would be revised if not reversed.

These rather somber thoughts arise out of the gospel for the fifteenth Sunday after Pentecost, a striking contrast between death, the conqueror of man, and Christ, the conqueror of death. He met the funeral procession coming out of Naim, a widowed mother bringing her only son to the burial ground. Our Lord halted the cortège and comforted the mourning mother: "Do not weep." He went over to the corpse and in a tone of omnipotent command spoke revivifying words: "Young man, I say to thee, arise." Color suffused the pale cheeks, vitality surged through the stiffened limbs, speech arose in the silenced throat. The young man sat up, "and He gave him back to his mother."

What the young man learned on his strange excursion we do not know, but we may well imagine that his neighbors plied him with questions about that "undiscovered country from whose bourne" he was miraculously recalled. And since the human heart still remains thick-skinned towards the spiritual, we can suspect that they profited little from what he might have told them.

Dives in hell asked Abraham to send Lazarus back to earth to warn his brethren lest they also should fall into perdition, but Abraham replied that they had Moses and the Prophets, scriptural revelations more than sufficient to guide their souls. "If they do not harken to Moses and the Prophets, they will not believe even if someone rises from the dead" (Luke 16: 23-31). We can prove the solidity of that observation from our own experience. We have not only Moses and the Prophets

but Christ Our Lord, who lived, gave us an example, died and arose from the dead for us. We believe that, to be sure, but with a bloodless, academic assent which does not sufficiently infiltrate our daily actions.

We still live as though this world were all, as though Dives were the hero of the parable; it is still our main ambition to "make something out of our lives," but we are not nearly so solicitous about making something out of our deaths; often enough we are so engrossed in having a good time that we forget the spiritual effort necessary to guarantee us a good eternity. Death for us is a dreadful thought, better left to melancholy poets who, like Alexis Tolstoy, enjoy grubbing among the graves and asking such upsetting questions as "Among the forgotten graves who is the rich man and who is the poor?"

Yet death need not be distasteful. Beside the deathbed of the faithful soul stands the same Christ who said: "Young man, arise." He it is whose sacrament of baptism raises us to supernatural life, whose sacrament of penance resuscitates the soul dead in mortal sin. He it is who, in a second, general Easter will resurrect our bodies, then, like His own, glorious and immortal.

WILLIAM A. DONAGHY, S.J.

Theatre

A FLAG IS BORN. Ben Hecht, single-handed or in partnership with Charles MacArthur, is the dominant playwright of the budding season. *Swan Song* is a Hecht-MacArthur holdover from last spring, and a revival of *The Front Page*, by the same team, was the first Broadway première after Labor Day. The next opening, *A Flag Is Born*, is the most recent of Mr. Hecht's solo efforts.

Mr. Hecht's genius is both prolific and versatile, producing for stage, screen and fiction with equal facility. While my knowledge of his gamut is less than comprehensive, it would be rash to assert that *A Flag Is Born* is his most significant work. But I feel safe in saying it is one of his best efforts. If I formerly believed him to be a shrewd but superficial observer of life whose writing runs to sophistication rather than sincerity, my mind has been disabused.

A Flag Is Born is an impassioned propaganda play, produced by the American League for a Free Palestine, starring Paul Muni, with music by Kurt Weill. Scheduled for a brief run in The Alvin, the play deserves continuous production until the conscience of civilization is moved to deal justly with Jews. Every real Christian ought to see it, to strengthen him in the practice of his faith, and should drag along with him some interracial bigot.

The plot turns on the current bitter, and too often bloody, conflict between Jewish and British opinion on the wisdom of permitting unlimited numbers of refugees to return to their ancient homeland. *A Flag Is Born* takes sides—the Zionist side. Tevya, the leading character, superbly interpreted by Paul Muni, presents the case for the Zionists. "While we were tolerated in Europe," he says, in substance, "there was no reason for wanting to return to Palestine. Now, no nation in Europe wants us, and Palestine is the only place we have a right to go. We want to go home."

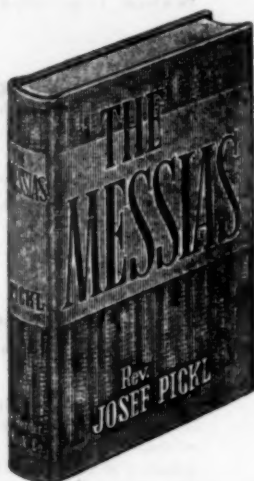
Needless to say, there are numerous wide open spaces in Tevya's logic. If every race were permitted to return to the land of its origin, provided it could be found, the confusion in this confused world would be increased tenfold. It is futile for Jews to demand priority over other races for possession of their homeland. What Jews and other minorities deserve is freedom from persecution wherever they live.

While Tevya may be a poor logician, he is a grand character. He is rich in reverence, memories and hope, the imperishable qualities of the human spirit. Luther Adler directed. Robert Davison designed the settings.

THE FRONT PAGE, a smash hit eighteen years ago, returns to Broadway with a good deal of the shine rubbed off.

George Kaufman directed the original production as a comedy; Mr. MacArthur slants the revival toward farce. On the acting side, all the principal roles except one are less capably interpreted. The exception is Lew Parker, as the reporter who wanted to become a business man. Mr. Parker's Hildy Johnson is quite as good as Lee Tracy's was, but his style is different.

Hunt Stromberg, Jr. and Thomas Spengler are the producers; the theatre is The Royale. Nat Karson designed the dingy set for the profane and brashly romantic play that has lost its glamour. THEOPHILUS LEWIS



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Films

ON SOUND FILMS AND SOUNDER entertainment. The current celebration of the twentieth anniversary of sound films would be a happier occasion if studio smugness were tempered by serious stock-taking. Films are here to stay, for better or worse, and there is enough inherent promise in the medium to make intelligent moviegoers hope that all its progress will not be merely technical. As motion pictures stand, they are at least as entertaining as a debilitated stage, despite sneers from the soiled ivory towers of Broadway. They have had moments of inspiration in drama; they have flirted with their potentialities in translating non-dramatic literature into screen entertainment; they have suggested their worth in visual education. All this is not to be dismissed lightly, but it is equally foolish for producers to pride themselves on technical achievement and ignore moral and artistic failures.

So far as a great number of films are concerned, the innovation of sound has been significant in the same way as the invention of the telephone and the electric refrigerator. It is a product of science, not of art. Sound becomes important artistically only as it ceases to be mere sound and begins to make sense, and talking pictures in general are far from that goal. There were some good silent films and more bad ones, but the introduction of a sound track has not upset the proportion. Audiences which formerly read subtitles now listen to speeches, but they are no more likely to grow in wisdom or grace by that. Technicolor has already recorded every known glow except a patron's blush, and the three-dimensional projection of the future may make Hollywood's brand of glamor more of a moral booby-trap than it is now.

These changes are important to the medium, just as it was important to get the stage actor off the apron and into the picture-frame and to replace gaslight with electricity, but in themselves they are indifferent signs of artistic progress. A technical pursuit of Roman realism, without a corresponding advance in subject matter, has given the movies a circus aspect among intelligent theatre audiences.

The strange dualism of the screen, half science and half art, accounts for many things, including the fact that it

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is the common man's all-too-common entertainment. It has all the advantages and all the defects of American mass production; it has had to mean so many things to so many people that it frequently takes refuge in having no meaning of its own. It is a unique prescription combining the effects of stimulant and sedative. It is the magnificent mediocrity among the arts.

If producers are really keen on progress, here are a few film categories most audiences would prefer to leave behind on the march. Foremost is the cynical film on marriage; if it is a tragedy, it usually involves a divorce and, if it is a comedy, it always involves several divorces. Marriage is not necessarily an institution with revolving doors. Next is the crime melodrama, in which the audience cannot distinguish between the gangster and the detective without a program. There is the horror film which keeps young children awake and puts their elders to sleep. Then there is the keyhole historical film which magnifies the dressmaker and minimizes the dress. Never in history have designers been paid so much to produce so little. There is the sophisticated film of high life played by low characters who appear to have come by their money as easily as they have shucked their morals. Finally there is the banal musical comedy, weak in both its members, which pictures all life on the constructive plane of dizzy platforms populated by appropriate performers. THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

Parade

The postwar era continued unveiling a changing world. . . . New attitudes in police defensive strategy appeared. . . . In Boston, a burglar-alarm system was installed in police-department headquarters. . . . New concepts of police powers were reported. . . . A thirty-year-old Massachusetts husband sought a police permit to beat his wife. The desk lieutenant replied: "Sorry. Police do not give out such permits." . . . A new, strange type of expert emerged. In California the operator of a family-problems bureau and marriage clinic petitioned the judge to postpone the opening of his divorce suit because he had to address the Lions Club on "How to Be Happy Though Married." . . . New fashions in picketing were exhibited. . . . In Los Angeles, the wife of a grocer paraded before his grocery wearing a sandwich sign reading: "I

Want a Divorce." . . . Lack of social consciousness was uncovered. . . . A Boston policeman, when arrested, admitted he had formed the habit of burglarizing stores on his beat. . . . Surfeited with pedestrians on streets, traffic developed new types of snarls as it began going after people inside buildings. . . . The collision of a huge truck with the bed she was sleeping on awakened a young Ohio girl. The front wall of the house had slowed down the speed of the truck, saved the girl from being run over in her own bedroom.

Money circulated at a fast tempo, changing hands rapidly. . . . A sixteen-year-old Brooklyn boy, carrying \$278 in a bank book to deposit for his father, met a friendly stranger on the way to the bank. The stranger chatted engagingly a minute or so, then asked the youth to make a telephone call for him. "I'll hold the bank book for you," the stranger offered. The boy, of an obliging type, handed the book with the \$278 in it to the stranger, went into a store to make the telephone call. . . . Money changed hands fast in other ways also. . . . Prices continued to soar. Commotion among spirits was reported in Illinois. . . . A woman spiritualistic medium there sued for divorce, charging: "When I was having seances my husband would hammer on doors, or make dogs bark. He chased the spirits away. Also, my clients." . . . This portrayal of spirits as running away like frightened children from a noisy man and barking dogs is the product of earthbound views. . . . Men and dogs cannot harm spirits. . . . Men and dogs, and for that matter, many mediums also, cannot get at spirits. . . . Apart from God, they are four classes of spirits: heavenly angels; human souls in heaven; fallen angels or devils; damned human souls in hell. . . . Most mediums do not contact even one of these four classes. Most mediums are fooling either themselves or their clients. . . . No medium ever communicates with a good angel or a human soul from heaven. (Spiritual seances in all their long history have never produced anything that tended to the genuine betterment of mankind). . . . Some mediums, however, do contact devils or damned human souls. . . . In this case, the purpose of the devil or the lost soul is to inflict the greatest possible harm on the medium and her clients. . . . Getting friendly with mad dogs is dangerous. . . . Getting friendly with mad spirits is still more dangerous. JOHN A. TOOMEY

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Correspondence

Chanting to the Lord

EDITOR: I only wish I knew the intellectual way of saying "strike while the iron's hot." Perhaps you can supply it from the patristic writings, but that is the sentiment evoked by Duncan Buchanan's excellent article on Gregorian Chant in the August 10 issue. His sparkling satire on those most threadbare of all hymns, those to Our Blessed Mother and Our Lord, was excellent.

But I, too, am a semi-musician and quite hopefully Catholic. Granting—and I think it is unanimous—that Gregorian has its natural excellence, can't that ensure its ultimate triumph? Or must we have pogroms against what some of us like to call sacred music, pompous invective against hymns that we were proud to sing, and Father LaFarge's recommendation that we "place *Holy God* . . . under lock and key for ten years."

If you are so anxious to prevent common folk from singing something singable and lovable, and finding an echo of the proud past in strange cities, strange parishes, or, as you may not understand, in Army camps, God speed your noble work. Of course, England's Roundheads and our own Puritans did it much more thoroughly, but you're protected in this: we must be at Mass for a higher reason, no one says we have to feel at home there. In fact, we can probably assist more in the spirit of penance if we remain silent while the unfamiliar strains of a Gregorian *Kyrie* surrounds us. It possibly is foreign to the spirit of the Church, as loftily proposed by AMERICA, to feel like singing, or feel like singing something that has become well worn and "threadbare."

Address Withheld LESTER NOYES

EDITOR: Most will agree with Mr. Buchanan's message regarding the preeminent and intrinsic value of Gregorian Chant as a liturgical art (AMERICA, Aug. 10). Unfortunately, however, one detects a hint of extremism, and consequently of unfairness, in his treatment of non-Gregorian church music. The fact that Pius X in his *Motu Proprio*, the Bible of Chant enthusiasts, approves of non-Gregorian forms is often overlooked by them.

They bypass a cardinal quality of all art, its progressiveness. Art—as life—cannot be reactionary without becoming stagnant. It is for this reason that the Holy Father wisely said that he did not wish by his directives to stifle originality and creative genius; and so he welcomes new compositions and new forms, provided they have the qualities of true art and the added element of holiness that fit them for their liturgical function.

All art is the human reaction to the truth and beauty of some reality. Liturgical art is the human reaction to the Christian Revelation. Being human, it should have the time-place element inherent in human nature. Hence the Holy Father remarked that every nation has individual contributions to make in the matter of church music. Admittedly Gregorian music has attained high perfection as a vehicle of Catholic worship. But to freeze church music in the Gregorian *neum* or church architecture in the Gothic arch would be fatal.

In theory, perhaps, Mr. Buchanan would not demand this, but his rather scathing remarks regarding such legitimate hymns as: *O Lord, I am not worthy; Jesus, My Lord, My God, My All*; and *Holy God* tend to give us this impression. We must remember that liturgical music, like all the other liturgical arts, is not part of the Deposit of Faith, but the growth of human genius and devotion.

Personally, I have still to find Gregorian melodies to express as aptly as vernacular hymns what the Western heart means in hailing our Lady as Queen of the May, and Gregorian anthems to equal the Christmas carols that have grown out of the soil of the simple peasant heart. Finally, it is only natural to require fairness in evaluating non-Gregorian music. Glibly to class *O Lord, I am not worthy* with *Love not, ye hapless sons of clay* is hardly fair. The Literature and Arts column of AMERICA has been wondering for the past year why we have so little Catholic art. Perhaps an answer may be found in this attitude of exclusiveness that tends to stifle initiative.

Woodstock, Md. JOHN D. BOYD, S.J.

Catholic Journalists

EDITOR: Please permit me to congratulate Mother Agatha, O.S.U., of Wilmington, Del., for her penetrating comments on wage scales and the Catholic press.

A week or two ago I planned to comment along her own lines about the series on the need for Catholic scientists, writers, scholars, etc. Being only a convert of four or five years standing, however, I deemed it best to hold my peace, but now that Mother Agatha has virtually said what I wanted to say, I hope I may be permitted to congratulate her.

Not only is there a need for Catholic scientists, scholars, writers, journalists; such people exist abundantly. If they happen to be priests or religious—which many of them are—then they are well placed in Catholic institutions. If they happen to be laymen, as I am myself, they have the choice of working "for peanuts" in competition with priests who, having their basic needs already supplied, can afford to work for salaries so precariously small that even a single layman could not exist on them and which would be absolutely prohibitive for a married man with a family to support.

If one is a journalist, as I am myself, and he no longer cares to work for the utterly depraved and savage pagan press, then, if he wishes to write for a "Christian" daily newspaper, he can find employment under good conditions and for adequate pay on the *Christian Science Monitor* or, if he knows a bishop, he might get on as the "lay front" on a Catholic weekly as "editor," at poor pay, where he would have to take such a "shoving around" from the clergy that it has become axiomatic among journalists that "the Church is all right, but don't ever work for it."

Incidentally, if the *Christian Scientists* can publish a metropolitan daily, why can't the Catholics show some Catholic Action in a field so important in our modern world as journalism, as Mother Agatha asks?

PEDRO PANAMENO

Washington, D. C.

The views expressed under "Correspondence" are the views of writers. Though the Editor publishes them, he may or may not agree with the writer. The Editor believes that letters should be limited to 300 words. He likes short, pithy letters, merely tolerates lengthy ones.

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